

TITLE CHANGE TO Contact &
NEXT ISSUE.



COLLINS BAY

AVATAR

PRISONER'S
VIEWS

COLLINS BAY

AVATAR

WINTER

VIEW

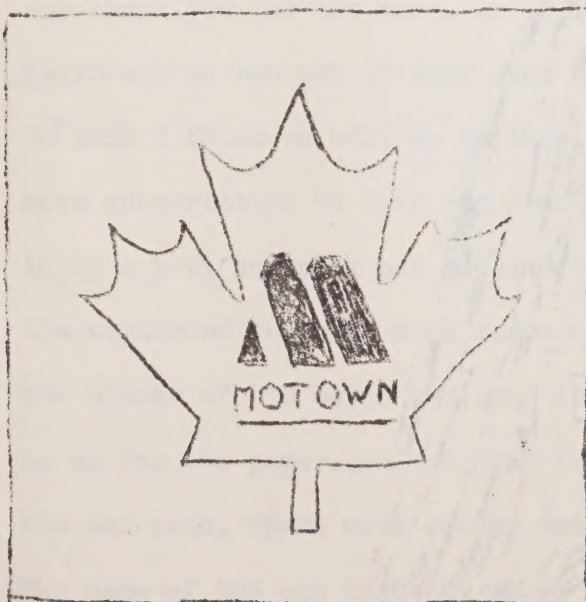
The Avatar is published by the cons of Collin's Bay Institution, Kingston, Ontario. Third class postage is paid for in Canada. Permission to reprint any article is granted, provided the Avatar and the writer are given acknowledgements.

AVATAR: an interal manifestation or embodiment of a philosophy concept, or tradition of a variant phase of a continuing basic entity; Two possibility and two-fold purpose. This paper is a continuation of a long line of papers here at the Bay and with it, the staff, hope to breathe fresh life into an old, but often neglected philosophy...humanism.

The opinions expressed in any particular article are those of the author, and not necessarily agreed with by the editorial staff. Nor do the views necessarily conform to the official views of the Solicitor General's staff, or the Bay.

Please submit articles and forward letters to us here at Box 190, Kingston, Ontario. K7L 4V9. We want to hear from you and for us to be a success, we must all pitch in. The Avatar is a prison rag that for us is a way of reaching the people on the outside and letting them know what's going on here inside.

~~~~~



A SPECIAL THANKS TO MOTOWN RECORDS,  
FOR ALL THE RECORDS THAT THEY DONATE  
TO US HERE EACH YEAR. TO OUR FRIENDS  
ON THE STREET THAT BUY RECORDS, BE  
SURE TO CHECK THAT IT IS MOTOWN  
SOUND THAT YOU ARE BUYING.



old saying, you can't put a square peg in to a round hole. But let me tell you they  
sure as fuck can put a square in jail, but there is no way it make's him a rounder.

It was brought to my attention the other day that I have a habit of saying the word, fuck, and that I put it in the paper when I am writing any thing. If this word offends any of our readers I am sorry. But when I say the word fuck, I do not mean the act only how the fuck are you. Now if you take it the wrong way, then you must be thinking of the act and not just the word. So when you are reading this rag try to read it with out thinking of sex. As we are not trying to compete with play-boy or penthouse. And there is no way I will be a senter-fold, as I would not fit on two of these pages.

I will end this and let you get on to some good reading. And we do have some good poems this month, also we have a small run down on field day. It should have been a lot longer, but if no one writes a story then there is no way to get it in the paper.....

HONEST TOM.

[illegible]





.....FROM THE DESK.....  
.....OF THE.....  
.....EDITOR, OF.....  
THE AVATAR.

!!#%&+!!#%&+!!#%&+!!#%&+!!#%&+!!#%&+!!#%&\*

.....The last avatar to roll out of  
Collin's Bay. Next month this rag will  
come out with a new name, and a hole  
new look. So save this copy as it  
could be worth some thing some day.

Well here we go again, words from the Editor. This will be the last time  
you will get the Avatar. Next month in place of the Avatar you will get, the Collin's  
Bay CONTACT. The word Contact is brocken down this way.CON. as in us.The T is for  
Together,A is for Against, C is crule,and the last T is for time.So when we see  
the name on the front of our new paper keep this in mind. It is done by all of us  
in here,and we are Con's together Against Crule Times.I think you all know by now  
that I do not mind being called a con, so when this name for the paper came in I  
liked it right away.The con that put the name in, went west the other day(about  
five miles west),and never got the watch that he won. So to Ozzie, we on the staff  
say thank you for the name. As it is the way we all feel about doing time. There  
is no way we can get it sent over to the hell hole you are in now. (HILLHAVEN)  
So what I think we will do is this, all the people that have paid for a year or  
more subscription to this rag from June to November. We will put all of the names  
in to a bowl and pick one out.And they eill win the watch that we were saving for  
the winner of the name this rag contest. So some time in December we will pick out  
the winner of the watch and send it to them. We got a lot of good names sent in  
to us for the paper.And not just from the guys in here but also from people on  
the out side. There were one or two that were un-funny, but then when I had seen  
the name of the one that put it in I new he could not help it. You see there is an



## AVATAR STAFF

Editor.....Honest Tom French  
Asst. Editor.....Jim (The Sailor) Hertrich  
Sports.....Norm (Stormin' Normin') Mallette  
Leo (Who) Smith

Barbell Alley.....Billy Sugg

Artists and Lettering.....Pete (Gup) Henderson  
Denis (Lepke) Lepik  
Ralston (Sundown) Bennett  
Mike (The Bad) Saad

Typists.....The Tall Texan (Luxford)  
Larry (The Vaccum) Johnson  
David (Doc) Wood

\*\*\*\*\*

Contributing articles.....Sam Weiss  
Billy Sugg & Jim The Sailor  
John Prince  
Cheryl Ellerbeck  
George Golde  
Maria Neil

\*\*\*\*\*

Billy Sugg has no article in this months Avatar from Barbell Alley. We wish we could say he was vacationing in Florida but truth to tell he is just vacationing. Hopefully, next month he will have an article for us.

So, all you guys in Barbell Alley help the old man put an article together as we on the staff of the Avatar have just received a rumour that Billy is over the hill but we thought it just meant with weights, and wasn't really aware that he was so feeble that he isn't even able to take pen in hand.



Assistant Editor.

Well so ends another day, with a tid-bit of info I really had no desire to hear. Sam the Poet was telling me that Benny (we all know Benny is the old fellow we see each day, and are not only surprised to see him in here, but actually is still moving around, and usually with a smile).

It was expressed to me that on top of the severity of his sentence he also has the added weight of a health problem that leaves no doubt that those of us that still have some time left to serve here will see become a very grave situation.

Apparently Benny just had his application for a "Parole by Exception" denied, "Who said the death sentence has been abolished?"

The way I see it, any sentence that leaves no doubt that by its length it will cost the convicted person his or her life is still a death sentence, and no longer a period of time to serve.

If this is the justice systems way of extracting retribution, the taking of a human life via the heavy hands of the clock, what are we to think of its the way they operate, and leave it at that?

There is also the other side of the coin, it was not part of our sentence that we be unwilling spectators to this type of (and it has no other name but murder), this mans problems can move the hardest of hearts in here, and yet they are heard with no compassion nor consideration from the Services designed to voice the publics opinion in regards to whom should be let out of a prison because of extenuating circumstances that have surfaced during the period of incarceration set out by law.

Just try to fathom what his wife and family must be going through right now, and I doubt when they hear, "because of the severity of the crime nothing can be done in his case" really means just that, Impossible, there is always hope, but hope dwindles with days that turn to weeks, then months, and eventually years, especially when a loved ones life is to be the ultimate loss.

Another jailhouse dilemma, but one that hopefully will be rectified surely someone with a knowledge of law, and the belief that a human life should be respected can be reached somehow for assistance.

Inquiries are being made now, and although Benny is a hell of a gardner, I for one like to think that he will finish his time at home, where his eyes will behold much more beauty than they glean from the flowers he grows inside these walls.

I was talking to Honest Tom about the watch that was won by Ollie for his choice of name for our future paper, and seeing that time, other than your sentence has so little value in the Haven that possession of a watch is prohibited there, it makes it pointless to send it there.

What will happen is that all the people that apply for a subscription between June and November, will have their names placed on a slip of paper and submitted to a draw the first week of December.

The winner receiving the watch.

In case there is any doubt, the guys working on this paper would like to know what you think of it, so let us know what's trump, if there is something you would like to see an article done on we will try to put it together, we are open to any advice at all, and if we can give you what you want. That's where it's at.

The SAILOR



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Honest Tom:

Hello! I received the May/June copy of the paper and was very pleased I wish (SPIKE) was still there so I could thank him for his little note. It was good to hear that he joined the street people though. I am almost certain I had paid in April or before.

I have some more compositions for you. I think that I spend half of my life writing. I am now fortunate enough to hear that a record company is putting a song I wrote 2 years ago to music and on a demonstration record for me.

I guess that's about all for now so I will sign off. Hope next issue is the same as this one.

Cheryl Ellerbeck

Editor's Comment:

I would like to thank Cheryl, so here goes;

I would like to convey my gratitude for your contributing articles. I found it very refreshing to be able to identify with your poems.

You certainly come from the heart and seeing that we are all in the same predicament it is easy to relate to our imprisoned sisters. I hope that in the very near future you will be on the street and you will send us poems of your feelings there. KEEP THE FAITH.

HONEST TOM



Dear Honest Tom, And Jim (The Sailor)

I've just finished reading the August issue of the Avatar, for the third time (I wish you guys would type slower as I'm a slow reader), and needless to say it is really a terrific rag. I guess one of the reasons is that most of the material you put in it comes from the heart more than from the head, and it's for real. My wife and family really enjoyed some of the articles, Sams poems, Mikes art, and Jimmy Mays article on the Special Olympics were really tops, and I'm sure my kids get more education (whatever that is) from your paper than they do from a lot of their school texts and teachers. Anyway thanks a lot for sharing your paper with us, but also for letting us be a very small part of what is happening at "Olympiadland". We recieved your letter and really enjoyed it, in fact I used it in my talk at the "Day of Awareness".

Breezy, and Tramp, and Big Joe send their regards, and are doing okay, considering where they are.

You might have heard that I just spent another day inside, on what they call a "Day of Awareness", and it was something else again, "maybe one of the guys could come up with a story on it for you".

I'm sure the people who come from Kingston, Ottawa, Oshawa, Bellville, or wherever grew a lot from the terrific fellowship that we experienced with the guys "Behind the Wire".

A gang of us outsiders are getting "Geared Up", spiritually again in preperation for our Thanksgiving spiritual week-end (CURSILLO) inside.

It is to bad that more local people miss out on it as it is really a worthwhile experience, and unfortunately it is their loss.

I see that you are looking for a new name for the Avatar, here are a few random ideas that might fib with someone elses for a really great name for a really great p'per.

How about these for openers, using the last page illustration as a centerpiece with the torch border that is on page 16-Outreach, Human Outcry, Good News, Good News, Good News Missilo, News Missile, Innercom, Freedomfighter, Handsout, or using the picture on page 15, with the same border-Olympiadland Star, or Sun, or Block or Brick Busters, or One Brick Times, The Torch, The Candle, Burnt Offerings, Lamp Light, Lighthouse news. P.S. Even CONNED...

George M. is giving a talk on the Olympiad at the Day of Awareness.

Peaceful thoughts,  
D'arcy Nolan.

Asst. editors note.

Mr & Mrs D'arcy Nolan & Family,

It is letters such as yours that give us the fuel to continue trying to turn this paper into an exceptional rag that everyone will be able to enjoy reading. I have assumed that you will not mind seeing your letter in print, and hopefully a candle will be lit under one of the members of the "Day of Awareness" and you will eventually see an article submitted by someone. No doubt the Cursillo will be as successful as it has proved to be in the past, and we wish you well.

For the people from Kingston, Ottawa, Oshawa, Bellville, or wherever perhaps if they where on our subscription list, when they come to participate in one of the various group functions they would be that much more informed.

"The Sailor"



Dear Tom:

Keep up the good work on the excellent magazine. Call me if there is anything I can do to assist.

Sincerely, Clayton C. Ruby.

Editor's Note:

We thank you for the cheque, and will see that the paper is sent to people in jail that can not afford it them self.

Dear Tom:

Thanks for the August issue of Avatar! It brought back some old memories good and bad, but I enjoyed it so much that I want my name added to your list of subscribers. But befor I send my money, I thought I'd check around the office where I work, to see if anyone wants to subscribe or "donate" to your paper. They appreciate good down to earth reading, and will more then likely contribute.

I would also like to add my thanks to Chip Tracy, for his true account of Millhaven in his two poems- year one & year two. I'm sure that anyone who has spent time there, will agree that he did not exagorate at all! I hope to see more stuff from Chip in future issues.

Take care and good luck with the magazine. Bye for now.

Your brother always, Michael J. Barrett.  
( HOLLYWOOD)

P.S. Congradulations on the success of your second annual Olympiad! I hope more people start to appreciate all you've done for those kids.

Dear Tom:

Thats a great newspaper you publish each month. Unfortunately, the address you were given to use in the arricle on Inmate Employment Service is a year out of date. The correct one is 771 $\frac{1}{2}$  Montreal Street, phone 542-7373. Perhaps you could include it in your next edition.

Sorry about that,

Yours sincerely, Maria Neil. Volunteer Co-ordinater J.H.S.

Editors Note: Maria Neil is the one that runs the women group for the con's wives down town.



TO THE AVATAR EDITOR-BIG TOM

I'd just like to submit my feelings on how I think our field day went. As far as the events went I think things went pretty good. The weather was just great for such a day. My only real beef has to do with the games booths that were up. The prizes for me were a bit out of the ordinary for men doing time in a Federal Penitentiary. Some of the prizes were; small beaded necklaces and bracelets with Indian dolls on them, Bear piggy banks, back scratchers. Some of the prizes we could use such as the glass mugs and ashtrays, but tell me what is a guy going to do with a piggy bank? But the thing that pissed me off the most was seeing these mugs being handed out to friends when we adverage Joes had to win one. And even to win one was hard. I stood at one booth and watched a guy put two of three balls in the bucket just to win a back-scratcher. The next guy didn't get even one ball in the bucket but he was appreised with this fancy mug. I guess the only way to appreciate any of the events that go on around here you have to belong to the clique.

Now I do hope that my feelings are published Tom.

My name with-held, reason being that when everyone reads I'll be able to hear how they feel.

Thank-you.

Editor's Note:

I am sorry that anyone would feel this way about the field day, but this paper belongs to everyone in here and if that is how one of the people feels then it goes in the paper. As far as belonging to a clique or any of the other things, I think that things like that are going to happen even on the outside. The thing is we live under one roof and are forced to live and eat with each other. Now from where I sit if you do not know the man at your right then that is your fault, not anyone elses. There are a lot of con's that I do not know by name and for this I apologize. But then there are a lot of people on the street that I hung around with and I'll be damned if I could tell you their names. And there are people in here that I call my friends and there are some that I don't call anything as I don't know them that well. One of the reasons I picked the name I did for the paper out of all the ones that were given is that cruel times can be going without a cup on field day.

There is an old saying that sort of fits what happened on field day to you- 'YOU CAN PLEASE SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME BUT YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL' or something like that. And I think you are right about the kinds of prizes that were given out at the booths but as I said, I never had anything to do with picking out the prizes. But what you should keep in mind is how hard it is to try and sit down and think of what everyone in here is thinking. I know that I could not have done as great of a job as the chairman of our committee did.

HONEST TOM



LETTER'S TO THE EDITOR

I got a piece of mail the other day that I thought I should share with all of you. It was from the National Library in Ottawa. And get this, it said "issues listed not yet recieved; please supply one copy of May/ June/ and July 1978 to complete our 2nd copy (2 copies of each issue are required for legal deposit) To me it sounded like these nice people were trying to rip us out of eight dollars. Now, they were getting two before I took the job as editor, and I cut them down to one, as I could not find anything to say that they had paid us any money. Here is the letter that I sent them. By the way, they have now been cut down to ZIP papers!!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sirs:

I received your request for one copy of the Avatar for the months of May, June, and July, of this year. As the Editor of the Avatar, I am the one who sends the paper out to the people on the streets. I have looked through our records and can not seem to find a receipt to show that you have paid for one copy, let alone two!!! If there is some law that I don't know about, and I have to send you two free copies, then I would like to know about it. I knew that all printed matter had to be sent to the government during the 1930's and forties but that was in Germany. I didn't know that this country had as many laws that were the same as Hitlers. In view of the way this country is run, I hope that you have a good fire prevention system at the library. If I remember right, Hitler had a big fire at the place that the books were kept. I don't know for sure, but I would bet that Hitler had his men start off small, like burning a barn or something like that. And, the big fire came just after he had won a vote. Now, we both know that there are people that get their pay from Ottawa,



that know how to burn down barns, and we know that there is a vote coming very soon. So, if it's all the same to you, I think we will keep the copies of the Avatar here in the pen for safe keeping. That is of course you'd like to send in your \$4.00 for a yearly subscription fee.

Yours truly,  
Honest Tom French

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sirs:

It has been brought to my attention that the prisoners publish a monthly newsletter. As a teacher of the law, I feel that this would be an excellent source of material for several classes. Would you please include me on your mailing list. Thank You,

Peter Kneale  
Business Education Dept.

Parkside High School, Dundas, Ontario

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Peter:

We received your letter dated the 31st of August. I have sent you and your class a copy of our August edition. This paper is written for the con, by the con. As you will see, our grammar may not be up to par, but then we are all con's on the staff, and most of our time on the streets is spent in a different line of work. We would like to be able to send you a copy of each months Avatar, but we work on a very tight budget, and just don't have the money to throw around on stamps. We charge \$4.00 a year for our paper, that is to pay for the mailing costs. Any money that we have left over, goes to send the Avatar to other con's in jails around the world. We try to help our

(10)



ownas much as possible, and it would be hard for me to put down on paper just what it is like to sit in jail and not get any mail from the outside. Alot of the men in the pen do not have any one on the streets, and can not see the end of the time they are doing. So, this little paper of ours is something they can read and relate to. So Peter there is no way I could send you and yo r class a free paper as long as I can't send a free paper to all the men in jails around the world. If you can see your way clear to send us \$4.00, we would be glad to put your name on our mailing list, and the money that is left over we could send another copy of our paper to a con somewhere out there who might not get any other mail this month. If you or your class would like to send us a line, we would try to explain about life in here, and maybe help in some way. As we in here have lots of time.

Yours truly,

Honest Tom French

\*\*\*\*\*

Tom:

Joe H. has let me know that my poems have been in the Avatar. I hope that the guys enjoyed them. I'm sending along \$4.00 for a years subscription. If you would like more of my poems for the Avatar, Joe is starting to have quite a collection. I'd be pleased to have them printed.

Good luck as Editor,

Donna Rust

\*\*\*\*\*

Donna,

I appreciate the poems, and I've heard that everyone else did too. Anytime you feel like sending any, we would be gald to have them.

Honest Tom



## CLOSER LOOK

This is an article that William Roy Renstrom wrote. He is no longer with us, he is now out there with the street people. He was upset at what a reporter from the paper down town Kingston had wrote about him. It is not my job to say if Ms. Hunter was right, or if William Roy Renstrom is right. But I do feel it is my job to put some thing in this rag, that a con wrote. Honest Tom.

It is not unheard of in history that the literature and consequently the culture of a people has stultified as the result of voluminous exegetics. This was precisely the case with the ancient Sinic civilization to take but one case--the exant body of classic literature, prose and poetry, grew to such unwieldly proportions as to form a social and cultural enormity, a vertable Gordian Knot, that defied unraveling to the point of obstructing any new creativity.

In our western civilization, thought by some outstanding scholars to be a continuation of the Hellenic culture, poetry has somehow come to be considered relative to the great classic epics. This is to say that the notion of a monumental, lengthy poetry reached its culmination in the Romantic Era and its cormensurate weighty poetry. Such abstruse subtlety as was produced during the period found favour and flourished in the drawing-rooms of a privileged upper class who were without the wide range of diversions available to man in the Twentieth century, but with time on their hands nevertheless.

With the dawn of technology came evolving family patterns; with its onset the lower and middle classas had as little liesure time as ever, perhaps less, while the upper class had things to do other then wrestle with the sublime arcanum of the great transcendental poets. In short, the epic making metaphysics of the Romantics fell from vogue, and poetry in general lost considerable ground as a viable medium of cultural transmission.

The present-day problem is two-fold. As a result of the erosion of time available to labour over the esoteric symbolism found in the great Romantic poetry, almost all subsequent poetry was forced into a cultural limbo because the model for "good" and "worthy" work was the all but discarded Romantic archetype itself! Strange as it may seem, their work was considered too labourious for the average person to read, yet anything produced after that period which wasn't a chore in the reading just couldn't possibly be "good" -- so it was thought.

As a poet of my time I am faced with several problems. One of these is to somehow get poetry off the shelves and out of the books onto peoples lips. Why shouldn't a poetry pertinent our daily lives be printed on the back of cereal boxes? Another problem is to evolve a style which cuts through the Gordian Knot yet still combines the best of intellection and feeling in an assimilable, quintessential form. This is not easy since our apprehension of the world tends to take place almost exclusively in one or the other of these two modes of preception-- either cerebrally or emotively, now one, now the other. How to render our human lives to truth-- how to more fully grasp a universe thoroughly rich in intelligibility by synthesis of the cerebral and emotive modes, was a problem faced by the great Romantic poets. To this end they fashioned their metaphysics.

(12)



I, too, am faced with this problem, but where they had liesure to ramble on and on, I am faced also with the problem of developing a poetry that conforms with Edgar A Poe's credible claim that poetry isn't poetry if it is longer then a single page! Why shouldn't our poetry be forever forged anew? No one ever says anything once and for all. The reader today has a world of his own personal experience, variegated and rich, to bring to poetry-- the words of the poet perhaps ought to act only as a catalyst. This is certainly the case with oriental poetry. The Japanesse, for instance, are past-masters of a high degree of abstraction and isolation of an enlightening motif. Consider their highest form;

" the old pond / a frog jumps in / plop."

The imagery evoked by this magnificent yet simple perception defies futher frill.

Anyway, in responce to the article on August the fifth 1978 by Jennifer Hunter entitled " Prison Poet " concerning my work, Kingston is not some provincial little hamlet that its citizens can be white washed into thinking that a cogent body of work comprized of some 2,500 poems can be dismissed out of hand in four or five lines. It is a tribute I think, to the Canadian Penitentiary Services that creativity can take place in a prison system. Solzenhitsyn clams that men live by love and creative work.

Ms. Hunters article failed to mention that I had won a national writing competition, the sophie boyd trust award for poetry, and that the skeletons in my closet in the form of past charges, all but the one for which I am presently in prison, resulted in acquittals, all of them. Because I was innocent!

It is well past midnight as I sit in my cell writing this. The prison machine is running smoothly. For me, it is as it ever was.

ALONE.

Perhaps as Ms. Hunter claimed, I do have to struggle for each noun and adjective, but when I find them, what I have to say is well and truly said. Perhaps too, I am unequal to the task of repairing the breach which yawns between artistic intuition and cerebral analysis, but I have pledged with the kids from Penrose Centre and D'Arcy place that though I may not win I shall be brave in trying.....

" Persist poet. " Say."it is in me and will out".

I am not however," ignorant of grammar " as Ms. Hunter claimed, nor am I " parochial " though those who judge my writing based upon my inability to converse freely can be said to be rather shallow. As a matter of fact the writer is competent to manifest a considerable degree of ses quipedalian erudition in my poetry, as were the great, but unfortunately extinct, Romantic Poets. For obvious reasons I have elected to say it simply in the fond poetic hope that what I have to say is beyond grammar.

William Roy Renstrom.



# You will



have a nice day

The following was submitted by, D'Arcy Nolan.  
Someone has said that there are four kinds of "BONES" in every organization.  
There are the WISHBONES who spend their time wishing someone else would do the work.  
There are the JAWBONES who do all the talking, but very little else.  
Next, there are the KNUCKLEBONES who knock everything anyone ever tries to do.  
And finally, there are the BACKBONES who get under the load and do the work.



DISTORTED INFORMATION AND HYPOCRISY  
by J. Allen

Recently, a news letter was pushed through my cell bars the general way of passing information to the residents of this institution and a pretty good way too, all things considered.

Among the information contained was an article headed 'Good Time' and to really bring out the goodness the writer ended the story with the solemn word, 'Forever' which to me is the real meaning of the whole message. 'We have been asked' the article said, 'to inform the population about the new earned remission and just how it effects (not affects) you, should you get charged. For every charge that you are found guilty of,' the story went on, 'you will loose demerit points. Once a certain number of points have been lost, you will not earn remission. The time to be earned is up to 15 days. Ten days are based on your work and the remaining five is based on your conduct. Should you be placed on the 'Hole List' you will fail to earn the days you are in and should the director take remission from you, there is NO WAY he can give it back.' Ever heard such nonsense in your life? Well you've read it and in case you didn't, then you have now. 'Once taken away it is lost FOREVER'- the writer did not capitalize the magic word.

However, looking carefully between the lines one can clearly see the intention or the real meaning of this avant-garde philosophy (new teaching). I wonder how many of us have stopped hating ourselves and our brothers long enough to see just what we've got coming?

It is sickingly sad to think that the Canadian prison system, both at the Federal and Provincial levels has become in itself an industry, a business venture; and the hypocrisy is, they simply refuse to tell us. No one within the system need to use his or her imagination in this respect, it was said when most of us were too busy to listen.

Mr. Frank Drea, Minister of Correctional Institutions for Ontario, in a broadcast speech on his return from the state of Georgia where he went to study the road gang work system early this year, states emphatically that he was 'running a business and he was prepared to go to any length to make that business pay.' On the other hand the Federal Gov't. has just granted nearly \$150 million for the construction of new facilities; the judges and the institutional authorities had been fed and joyfully swallowed up this information became pregnant and has now given birth to what is now discribed as the new 'Good Time' system. I can see them only as recruiters and labour managers of, or for the system, thus they must supply and maintain able hands to keep this business paying. My question is, how long do we have to be hit over the head before we realize it's hurting?

One doesn't have to look too long to see that the walls are growing higher everyday; the new material happens to be words and paper work. The parole system as I see it, is like a rubber rope, it allows one to get only so far, then you are automatically pulled back. Once you are pulled back the magic word 'Forever' comes into play and so leaving the system becomes a no-no. 'Why?'. The business must be made to pay! 'How?!', simple, all businesses need experienced people and it's too expensive to train new hands.

The Federal Gov't. has recently cut back on every area of Government spending except for the construction of Federal Pens.; again my question is-Why? Answer; the show must go on and all the plans are made to recruit the actors.



In my opinion the intent here is clear, most of the furniture that is being sent to Government offices all across the country are made by inmates of pens, which means millions of dollars are pushed back into their pockets. And now here is the highest degree of hypocrisy and I suppose we've all heard this countless times ' It is costing the Gov't. \$30,000.00 per year to keep each of us here.' Rubbish!- anyone that knows how to use a pencil can soon prove that statement wrong. It is my honest opinion, if I'm allowed to have or use one being a convict, that the statement preceeding this figure is about ready for some changes- the word cost should without hesitation be changed to Pay.

If the latter is not true, why is there so many different sentences for the same offence - things that in other places would normally result in a fine - here it's automatic penitentiary sentence. Why are so many people being sent to prisons for such petty offences? Is it not clear that this is a form of slavery? A new cheap labour system or organization brought in by our so called democratic government and highly moralised society to absorb the nearly one million unemployed? Is it not plain that the judges have to keep the recruiting figure up so as to maintain a certain number of people in these institutions and the institutional managers have to be sure how many they are getting before they can release anyone? Sad though it may seem, that's how it looks to me.

See you next issue if they don't shut me up.

\$ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 10

IF YOU FIND MISTAKES IN THIS  
PUBLICATION, PLEASE CONSIDER  
THAT THEY ARE THERE FOR A  
PURPOSE. WE HAVE SOMETHING  
FOR EVERYONE, AND SOME  
PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS LOOKING  
FOR MISTAKES.....



'DURING A PRISON TERM'

by J.Allen

The path we trod is lonely and long,  
through the course of a prison term,  
it's like walking through a bed of quicksand,  
when you're doing a prison term.

No one has time for common respect,  
we are just 'cons'; this we must understand,  
the days that will come, are like those that are gone,  
so draw you a plan, if you can.

No, we're not worthy of common affection,  
at least that is how it seems,  
our names are withdrawn, not by whom they were given,  
we're just numbers and that's what we are.

You walk day to day, with your heart in your hands,  
knowing not what your neighbours will do,  
for they too, are forsaken, and all are frustrated,  
there's no understanding to share.

But then you might find, he is dependent on you,  
the journey through here to pursue,  
come then everyone, who are caught in this sand,  
the other, is depending on you.

So let us unite, no quarrels, no fights,  
there's a purpose, in even your plight,  
so set you a goal, and keep it in sight,  
these hours, more precious than gold.

So if we unite, and march strength to strength,  
accepting your neighbours with love,  
for love seeks for naught, but love in return,  
not making request, nor refuse.

And love is the tool, with which we can mold,  
a new path beyond these cold bars,  
but we must expect, that the man next to us,  
may just need our help, to get through.

So lighten the burdens other men bear,  
and yours, will be much lighter too,  
for whatever you do, reflects back on you,  
through the course of a prison term.



## A STATE WITHOUT JAILS - SAFER AND CHEAPER, TOO

Several years ago, a Florida judge discovered that one thousand men in the state's prisons had to be set free at once. Panic gripped the public. What would happen when so many persons charged with serious crimes were set loose? But the judge had no other choice. The United States Supreme Court had ruled that their rights had been denied in their arrests, and so their sentences were void. The judge set the men free. And what happened? Not much really. And that was most startling.

The judge kept a record of what those men did after their release. They did so well that all popular ideas about dealing with lawbreakers must be called into question. After thirty months the judge discovered that only 136 men out of the thousand set free committed another crime. Only 136? Yes, that was a surprise. Because out of another set of a thousand men, all of whom had served their full sentences, 254 turned to crime a second time.

Do prisons protect? Do prisons cure people?

Never. "Prisons do not rehabilitate," said Edgar Epp, a warden for six years and a former deputy minister of corrections in British Columbia. "They breed crime, hate, and violence. They brutalize the staff. They do not compensate the victims. They further punish and alienate the family of the person in prison. And they raise false expectations of society." But the most serious charge Mr. Epp brought against American prisons systems as he addressed a conference at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas, November 20, was that they cost too much, both socially and economically.

In spite of obvious failure, government continue to build larger and more expensive prison facilities. It costs more to keep a person in prison for a year than to support a student in college for four years. New prisons are being built at the cost of \$40,000 per bed, when for the cost of keeping a person in prison, fourteen could be supervised and treated outside prison while they are living in their homes.

Such alternatives to prison have been tried in many communities. Bernard Vögelgesang, director of court services in Des Moines, Iowa, told the Bethel College conference on prisons and detention about a system of "outpatient" treatment that he has been directing for a number of years.

While some offenders may volunteer to live in a treatment center, others live in their own homes and work at regular jobs while receiving counseling and help. Under this program, the people of Des Moines have been as well protected as citizens in other places. "The crime rate in Des Moines hasn't changed," said Mr. Vögelgesang. "We didn't cause a crime wave, and we kept a lot of people from going to prison."

A prison can't cure its inmates of crime. "Crime breeds here," said Mr. Epp, who is presently a consultant on offender ministries for Mennonite Central Committee. While citizens hope that prisons will protect them, "it just doesn't work that way."

But the myth about the good that prisons can do dies hard. "Security is always # 1," said Ken Oliver, former warden of the Kansas State Penitentiary, a film shown at the conference sponsored by the Kansas Council on Crime and Delinquency and the Inter-Faith Offender Concerns Committee. "We must have security before anything else. You are not going to do treatment until you have control."

In that case, no one gets treatment and society gets no protection. "There is no such thing as treatment and rehabilitation in prisons," said Mr. Epp in retort to Mr. Oliver's statement. "Enforced treatment doesn't work."

Yet, in spite of all the evidence that prisons don't work and that they are a waste of money, it seems certain that we are doomed to have more prisons and more people will be sent to already overcrowded prisons and ever more money will be appropriated to support a system that doesn't work--- all this in a time when taxpayers are in a revolt against more government spending.

The answer goes deeper than the matter of money. Prisons have a spiritual meaning. "People have cried aloud for vengeance and they have thirsted for blood, and the legislators have accommodated them," said Chalmers Heilmann, sociologist from Wichita State University, in a review of Kansas prison history.

He detected no particular change or advancement in the management of Kansas prisons since the beginnings of the state over a hundred years ago. "Then is now," he said, "insofar as our penal institutions are concerned."

He acknowledged that some muted voices have been heard for more humane treatment. "Times have changed," he admitted, "but prisons have not changed." And he explained why. "Because penal institutions have electric chairs."

As to the future, his prediction was gloomy. "The rope, the gas, the bullet threaten to interrupt the progress of all. The prisons that we have are here to stay. The prison stand for certain death. It is a symbol of death."

Yet people of goodwill still hope for something better and that the brutality of the prison system will pass even as other brutalities in human history have been recognized and discredited. "There is an ugly mood abroad," said James Juhnke, Bethel College historian. "This mood is related to the fact that the United States just lost a war and doesn't know why."

But infanticide was once commonly accepted among Greeks and Romans. It wasn't long ago, as history counts time, that slavery was part of a way of life. And within this century, lynchings were accepted as a way of dealing with lawbreakers.

The object of the correction system, said Mr. Epp, should be reconciliation between victim and offender. The first needs to be repaid for his loss and the latter needs to be forgiven.

20



"When Jesus asked us to go the second mile and when he asked us to love our enemies," said Mr. Epp, "Jesus was giving us a practical lesson in human relations." It is also the way for safer streets in a more peaceful society.

(Edgar Epp -- interviewed by -  
Maynard Shelly)

This article taken from Alienated Youth Of Canada Newsletter.

#####

We would like to mention all our new subscribers who have recently joined the ranks of those already on our mailing list.

All the way from Brooklyn New York: Patrick Savarese  
From Atlanta, Georgia: Harold Hummel- we hope that all is well in Georgia  
From the Guelph Reformatory: Hans Jeschkiel - we hope you're on the streets soon.

We also have : Maurice Golka, Mrs. Marian Hiepel, Mr. Stewart Jones, Candi Coruzzi, Mr. M. Flannigan, Peter Scully, Rose Albano, Paula Paquin, Kittie DuFour, Mr. Neil Minnema, Mr. & Mrs. J Donahue, Mrs. M. Moore, and Mrs. Carol Hill.

#####

On September 14th, the long awaited for Prison Arts Show and Display was here at Collins Bay. They had some beautiful paintings, and wood carvings. They also had Petit Point, Copper Work, and a scenery of carved Leather. From the standpoint of the Editor, it was a very poor display. I might be biased, because I'm into leather working, and there were no decent leather work on display. When it comes to the part of awards, I'd like to know why the hell an award that is presented by a Petit Point Company donation is not awarded to a Petit Point work of art. Also an award that supplies Petit Point Jewelry was not given to any work in its class. I think it's a shame that these awards were not given to the people who invest the time and effort in each of the particular categories. To say that the exhibit was the "pits" does not express my feeling as I walked out. I was looking forward to this exhibit very much, and I feel greatly let down after having seen it. I know that a better showing is given to the people on the street, then what we got to see here. My only question in that regard is WHY??? I know that this exhibit is called Prison Arts, and not Prisoners Arts, and last year there was trouble at Millhaven when the exhibited work done by guards. I feel that once more the government has put its propaganda machine into motion. It looks good on paper and sounds good on the air, to say Prison Arts shows the creatability of the convicts in Canadian Penitentiaries. But I feel I should have as much right as John Q. Citizen, to see the works of my fellow convicts. And I know that there was a better quality of work sent to the Prison Arts then what was displayed here. But, being convicts we should be used to getting the short end of the stick.

HONEST TOM

(21)

INTERVIEW WITH ALLIED CO-ORDINATOR BY EDITOR

I was sitting here in the office, with a coffee and my feet up on the desk, and the man came over and asked what I was doing. So I told him that I was holding an interview with the Allied Co-Ordinator. With that he looked all around the room, and at seeing no one but myself in the room, left shaking his head. So, for the last hour I have been driving them nuts, jumping from one chair to the other. (The newspaper office is right accross the way from the guards office here in three block) So, I thought that I had better stop the interview before they come with the net and take me away to the rubber room. What I'm trying to say is that it is very hard to interview yourself. And not be one sided or not to come out looking like an ass. So what I am going to do is tell you just what I see Allied as. (1) It is a chance for the chairman of all the groups to get to know each other, and to hear just what the other groups in here are up to. That way two different groups will not be headed in the same direction. Nor will they have to come up against the same walls that some other group has in the past. As I have said before, if we all stick together we can get a hell of a lot done, and not be at each others throats.

To any newcomers, there are eleven different groups here at this time. Charismatic, Salvation Army, Groupe Sociale Frabcis, A.A. Group, Black Culture Group, 4th Day, Scripture Group, Exodus Group, Dissscussion Group, Ten Plus, and Native Brotherhood.

You can belong to as many groups as you like, all you have to do is fill out a form and give it to either me or the chairman of the group, then you will be notified when the group is going to meet again. Some of the groups are closed groups, and it's alittle hard to get in them. For example, Ten Plus means that you must be doing atleast ten years or more. Native Brotherhood more or less speaks for itself. French Group is a group that requires that you speak french and have an interest in french culture. Charismatic Group and the Salvation Army and 4th Day group, are religious groups. So they are open to anyone in the population, that would like to attend this type of group. The Exodus is a Jewish Group. But they are open to Gentiles who have an interest in Jewish culture. Black Culture speaks for itself, but I'm sure that they would welcome anyone from the population who would like to come to the group. The Discussion Group is just what it says. If anyone is interested in joining the group, they can see George Marcotte. The Scripture Group is at this time being revised as their membership had dropped off considerably. But in the last few weeks they have been meeting on Thursday nights, for the time being, it will be closed to population, with hopes of expanding in the future. A.A. Group is a group that meets twice a week for men that reconize that they have a drinking problem. Some of the men in the population will find that attending this group will help when the apply and see the Parole Board. There is a twelveth group, which will be start ing sometime this month. It is the John Howard Society Discussion Group. It consists of four community volunteers with eight inmates and is designed for inmates who will be eligible for parole within one year. It is at this stage that planning is important, in terms of developing concrete and specific plans such as accomodation and employment but also in terms of identifying with the values and attitudes of the community. Therefore, the group includes an exchange of values, knowledge and skills as well as offering to the volunteers a way into an otherwise isolated system and an opportunity to learn about the effects of imprisonment on the community.

(10)



The group is held on Monday evenings and lasts for 12 weeks. The present agenda is as follows:

- 1) Introduction.
- 2) Crime & Prisons - A discussion group.
- 3) Parole policies and Procedures- A speaker from the National Parole Service and an opportunity to ask questions.
- 4) A skill session based on the previous week.
- 5) Marriage and the Family - A discussion group.
- 6) Employment and Retraining - A speaker from the Inmate Employment Service.
- 7) Skill session based on the previous week.
- 8) Violence in Sports - A discussion group.
- 9) Community Resources, Residential and/or After-Care Speakers from the St. Leonard's House and/or John Howard Society.
- 10) Skill session.
- 11) Crime Prevention and the Role of the Police - A discussion group.
- 12) Wrap up and evaluation.

The next group will be ready sometime in September, anyone interested should contact Msria Neil at 771 $\frac{1}{2}$  Montreal Street, Kingston, Ont.

That's the groups that we have. They all have their own constitutions and are run by themselves. As Allied Co-ordinator all I do is take the suggestions up front and try to sell them to the administration. Being Allied Co-ordinator can be frustrating, when a group comes up with a terrific idea and the administration shoots it down. I know there are many times I feel I'm just beating my head against the fucking rock.

AND IT HURTS!!!

I'd like to give special thanks to the chairmen and the secretaries of the groups for the support they give me at our Allied meetings.

I know it's a lot to hope for, but maybe some day the administration will see that the proposals we put in are for the betterment of the population and not for any personal gain.

And so ends this interview with (myself) the Allied Co-ordinator.

~~~~~

Below you will find a charge that was layed at C.B.I. against an inmate. The names have been changed to numbers to protect the foolish and keep the innocent (con) out of trouble.

On July 6, 1977 at approx. 1300hrs. as Officer '1' was locking up cell 3B34, he discovered inmate 'one' to be intoxicated. Inmate wanted to tussle with officer, but with aid of officer '2', officer '3' was placed in cell to sleep it off.

The irony in the above mentioned situation is that the inmate was found guilty in the joint court when it is quite obvious to us that the 3rd officer was guilty.

The Women's Group of the John Howard Society wishes to encourage communication between men on the inside and their families on the outside. The following letters have been written by individual members of the group for publication in the Avatar. The first letter is from Maria Neil, Co-Ordinator of the Women's Group. We were given permission to use the names of all the ladies who wrote these letters, but out of fairness and concern for all involved, we will just call them #1 lady #2 etc.

When a man is imprisoned, there are heavy demands on the mother, wife, girlfriend and children. There are the problems of loneliness, of budgetting on Mother's Allowance, of trying to understand the prison system, and parole process, adjusting to the man's absence and imprisonment, helping him return to the family perhaps via a Half Way House, helping the children work through their own problems.

The stigma of imprisonment causes families to hide their problems rather than to seek help; a lot of mothers in this situation try to hide away until the man returns to take up the reins of family management again.

Since last February, the John Howard Society of Kingston has organized a Women's Group Programme designed to help with these problems, both on a Group and an Individual basis. The Group meets at St. Paul's Anglican Church one night each week. Child care is provided in a separate room, and transportation is available by way of a borrowed bus.

The aims of the Group are as varied as its members and each women brings different needs, and attends for different reasons. A major aim is to increase family stability, to enable the family to stay together on the street longer, if not permanently on his release.

To achieve this, our programmes are planned as the women identify their own problems and needs during discussion and counselling sessions. Speakers for our meetings come from various agencies such as Family Counselling Services, Addiction Research Unit, Social Services, Women's Centre, Half Way House, and Parole Service. There is a film each month on different aspects of life inside prison, to help the Group understand some of the day-to-day happenings in the lives of their men.

The John Howard Society is known world-wide. To me it is an organization where a person can go and meet other women who are going through a life of loneliness while their loved ones are doing time. I always thought that I was the only one who had problems, but since I started going to the Women's Group every Thursday night, there are a lot of women who are in a lot worse shape than me. It gives me pleasure to know that there are some women worse than I am. But, all in all, it's one night a week out of the house to be able to sit down over tea or coffee and just talk. But some of the films really teach a person a lot they never knew about the inside life in a penitentiary. I know I have learned a lot from the few films I have seen.

But it isn't all so bad when I know I have Thursday nights to look forward to being able to laugh, joke, and carry on. It's just wonderful. I know I enjoy it. So keep up the good work. Lots of luck.

Lady # 1

I think the Women's Group is good for us women on the outside while we are waiting for our husbands. It helps me to meet and associate with others. It helps my child to get a chance to meet with other children his own age and a chance to get along with others. So in my opinion I think it is good for my child.

Lady # 2

Every Thursday evening a widely assorted group of women and children can be seen entering one of the local church halls in Kingston. Some weeks there are only a handful present, other weeks the number swell to the twenties. The occasion? That's easy! It's the weekly get together of the John Howard Society's Women's Group.

Sounds rather official doesn't it? The phrase "women's group" always brings to mind a clear picture of a bunch of middle aged ladies dressed in Sunday bonnets and white gloves, busily sipping tea and gossiping about the neighbors. This description is about as far as you can get from our little group.

Perhaps "Wives and Families" would be a better name for us, because that 's exactly who we are, the wives, girlfriends, children and families of inmates of the penal system. Most of us are not natives of Kingston and area, we have come from all over to be close to our husbands and fathers. And the group serves that very strong need for friends and companionship that we all feel in a strange situation or strange place.

It is comforting to be able to openly discuss all the problems, that we, on the outside have to meet and deal with everyday. It is such a relief to realize that you are not the only one with problems and it helps to hear how others manage to solve their special version of each common difficulty.

Now, don't get the idea that we sit around moaning and crying and feeling sorry for ourselves, because we don't. But if one of us has a problem or a question, the rest are very glad to offer all the advice and help they can.

So, you wonder, what do we do at these meetings? Whatever we would like to do actually. WE've had films on various topics of interest. And guest speakers are always welcome. We've had visits from parole officers, ministers and social workers. Our programs are pretty well decided amongst ourselves. We simply talk about what we'd like to

to, and then try to arrange a speaker or films or whatever is needed.

To sum it all up, our meetings are a weekly social evening out. They are a chance to relax over a cup of coffee and conversation with old friends, a place to meet new friends. They are a place to find help and the answers to questions. They are one sure spot to find support and encouragement during all your triumphs and defeats, large and small. I guess the best way to say it is this: John Howard Wives and Families meetings are what you need when you need it.

Do you know someone who might like to come and join us? We'd love to have them!

Lady # 3

The following is a poem that was sent by one of the Ladies of the Women's Group that to her pretty well sums up her feelings at the end of some days.

A PRAYER FOR CROSS MOTHERS

"Oh God, I was so cross to the children today! Forgive me. I was discouraged and tired -- and I took it out on them. Forgive my bad temper, my impatience and, most of all, my yelling. I am so ashamed as I think of it."

"I want to kneel down by each of their beds, wake them up and ask them to forgive me, but I can't."

"They wouldn't understand. I must go on living with the memory of this awful day, my unjust tirades."

"Hours later, I can still see the fear in their eyes as they scurried around, trying to appease me -- thinking my anger and maniacal raving was their fault."

"Oh God, the pathetic helplessness of children! Their innocence before the awful monster -- the enraged adult."

"And how forgiving they are, hugging me so fervently at bedtime, kissing me good night."

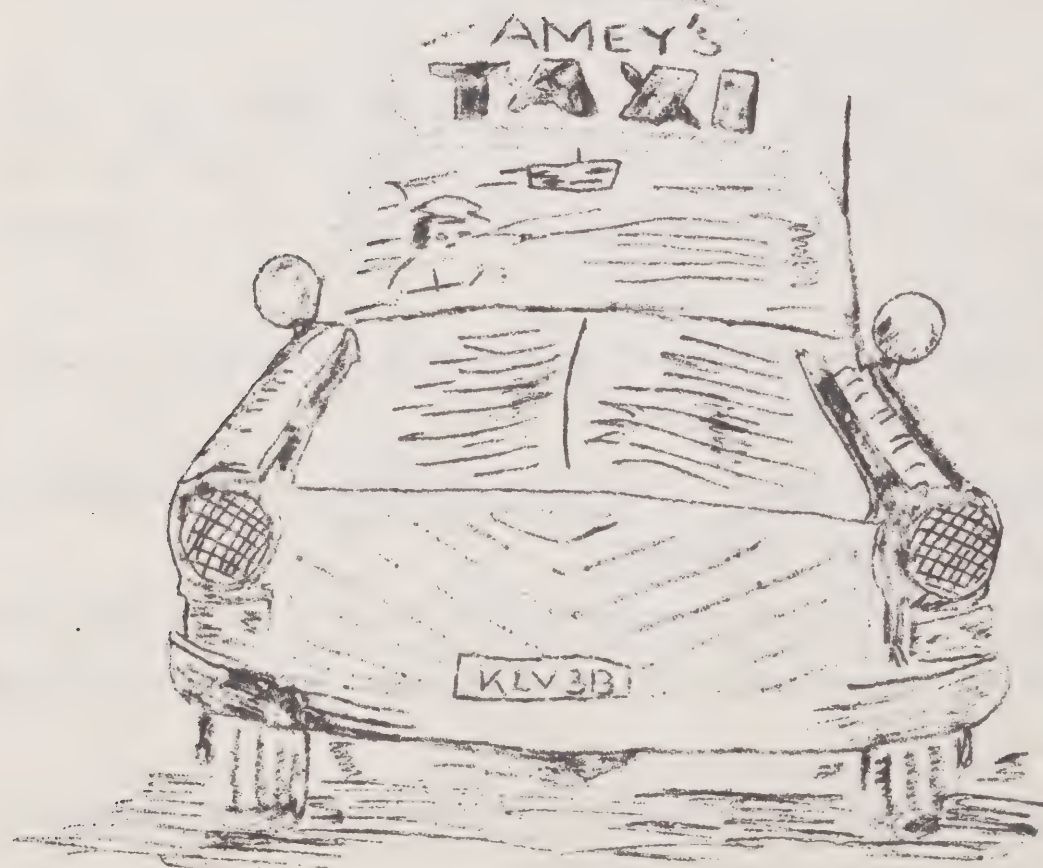
"All I can do is straighten a cover, touch a small head burrowed in a pillow and hope with all my heart that they will forgive me."

"Lord, in failing this little ones whom you have put in my keeping I am failing you. Please let your infinite patience and goodness replenish me for tomorrow."

Lady # 4

FOR THE BEST
CAB SERVICE
IN KINGSTON,
CALL: 546-1111

ONE OF THE SPONSORS
OF THE EXCEPTIONAL
PEOPLE'S OLYMPIAD
IN COLLINS BAY
PENITENTIARY.



THE POWER OF WORDS

In order to shape a new vision of a better future, every social change movement discovers the need to create its own language and definitions. Language is related to power. The world is differently experienced, visualized and described by the powerful and the powerless. Thus, the vocabulary coined by those who design and control the prisons is "dishonest". Dishonest because it is based on a series of false assumptions. The use of dishonest language is an attempt to deceive prisoners of the reality of their existence.

Cell or Cage - Refers to places of involuntary confinement in prisons or jails. Dishonest language calls them "rooms" or "residences".

"Corrections" - Use of quotes draws attention to the contradictions in this dishonest term, denoting programs, procedures or processes which punish rather than correct.

Criminal Justice System - Denotes the lack of justice in a series of procedures beginning with arrest and ending with release from prison or parole, which are not part of a single coherent system.

Guards - Refers to people who are paid to keep other people caged in jails and prisons. Dishonest language call them "Correctional Officers".

Prisoners - Persons held in custody, captivity or a condition of forcible restraint. Dishonest language calls them "inmate" or "residents".

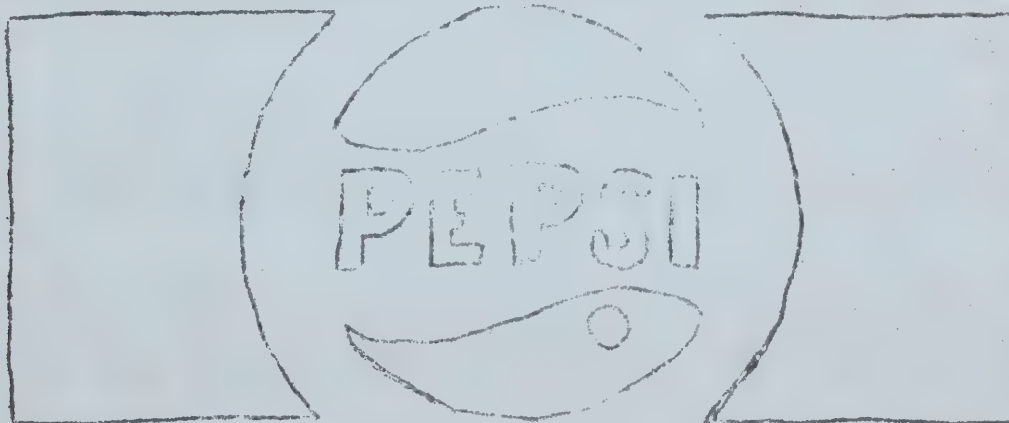
Prisons - Places of confinement. Dishonest language calls them "correctional facilities" or "reformatories".

Segregation - Units within a prison that punish by isolating prisoners from the rest of the imprisoned population. These units are also called "solitary confinement" or the "hole". Dishonest language calls them "Special Handling Units" or "Dissassociation Cells".

"A Handbook for Abolitionists"

- Jim Hart

+%



PEPSI
7 UP
CRUSH
PURE SPRING
DR. PEPPER

291 ELLIOTT AVENUE,
KINGSTON, ONTARIO.
TEL: 549-4577

WHAT SOCIETY

August 29, 1978.

John Howard Representative

Graham Stewart.

Interviewed by;

Bill Sugg, Jim Hertrich.

This interview came as a result of two conflicting articles submitted to the AVATAR (the JHS) (which enlightened us as to who John Howard was, and what the JHS Society is to both the public, and the cons.

Consequently, this created an article for the May issue written by Bill and Jim, mainly full of knocks, but then we are cons, and what are we supposed to know about what is good, or beneficial for us.

Fortunately we had on hand The Sub-Committee Report to Parliament on the Penitentiary System in Canada, 76/77, from this we derived our insight on John Howard, his idea that our apparel should have obvious marks or badges affixed to them to humiliate the wearers as well as to provide discovery in case of escapes, this plus two previous articles submitted to our paper plus a general knowledge of what the better part of the population feels the (JHS) has been doing for the cons gave us a firm foundation for our article.

We are the first to admit that it was very one-sided but then you peruse a few pieces of (JHS) literature and find they set the same tone.

However, regardless of how this meeting came about we are hoping to be able to publish in our next edition, a crystal clear rendition of what is really an article, not just words, but what is really being done.

Prisoners have one priority and that is to obtain their FREEDOM, and for us, we do not want to hear of stunning advances like the Missouriian said, "I HAVE TO BE SHOWN", hopefully this will be a very informative interview.

Once the conversation regarding the conflicting articles has been aired, perhaps there will be time to acquire a few answers to some questions that come to mind that would enable us to form a different view of the (JHS).

Having just completed a three hour informal interview which went very well, in that it not only explored the role of the JHS, but served to show Graham Stewart that there are various avenues open to the JHS within these walls that could be beneficial to both the JHS and the whole population.

First and foremost it would clear the air as to what is fact and what is fiction, where they are, and it stands now who and what is the distance to the future.

- Q. How do you feel the JHS is playing an active role in the Collins Bay Institution, considering the program on Life Skills now being held Monday evenings in three month terms, do you feel there is room for more involvement from the JHS?
- A. Our program on Monday evening has been in motion for approximately four years, and we are pleased with it. Because of the amount of staff available from us to the institution our impact is not as strong as we would like it to be, but an effort will definitely be made to inform the population of JHS functions, and assistance available to Cons, through interviews, group meetings, articles submitted to the AVATAR, etc.
- Q. Do you have approximate knowledge of how many parolees are being supervised by JHS at present?
- A. Speaking only for the Kingston area we now have ten, however some of these come under mandatory supervision, also it was expressed that when a potential parolee reaches the time to seriously consider his parole chances it would be most beneficial to him if he has had some contact with the JHS and made himself known to them.
- Q. Who sets the conditions on a parole supervised by the JHS?
- A. The National Parole Service initially, however, should a problem arise and it is felt that a stipulation should be rendered we could have it added with the intent that it would benefit the parolee.
- Q. When your representatives are interviewing a Con who is applying for a JHS supervised parole what are they looking for, before they consider a case worthwhile?
- A. Our intentions are to help plan a program giving the parolee the benefit of our knowledge and assistance, this is available to anyone applying.
- Q. Although you are a non-governmental organization you must admit that there are still very strong ties. Could it not be possible, especially with the Bonding services now made available to us with the assistance of the JHS to help by obtaining government employment for the Con, thus enhancing his chance for a parole, and the possibility of keeping within its boundaries till termination. This type of constructive idea is one that would serve as a deterrent to recidivism. How much, if any research is done in areas such as this.
- A. We do not receive government grants, but receive fees for services rendered from governmental agencies. This is an area where research would be an asset. Job creation programs and ventures of this nature are needed. Canada Manpower under the L.E.A.P. program could possibly be researching these areas. As for government employment in this area the Armed Forces, R.M.C. has some Cons employed there in various capacities, but this is an area new to me.

- Q. It is our understanding that JHS is becoming involved with the youth offender, through counselling, workshops, etc., has anyone thought to tap into the source of skills being warehoused throughout the Penitentiary System that could be put to use in these workshops as instructors, or counsellors?
- A. At the present time we have four Cons on our staff, not because they are Cons, but because they are good, one is a group facilitator, one is a student who served provincial time, one is on a temporary absence program working five days a week as a foreman with our supervisor at our workshop, and one has a one day T.A.P. per month and works publishing our newsletter.
- Q. What are some of the penitentiary based program the JHS has been involved in that they feel were successful?
- A. Most of the work is done on an individual basis other than the JHS eight week volunteer program, and supplying information when possible,
- Q. What new projects are being looked into, directly involving the penitentiaries?
- A. A juvenile version project involving youths with problems, much work is yet to go into this before its inception can be considered, however it is a project of the future.
- Q. What are the basic functions of JHS, who dictates policies, approx. amount of personnel, relationship with National Parole Service?
- A. Toronto has three professional staff, fifteen branches, Kingston being one of which Graham Stewart is administrator, with a staff of eleven, two interviewers for the penitentiary cases, Maria Niel whom does the recruiting for the pen. and community projects, and also is involved with the inmates wives group in Kingston as a volunteer, one on the parole supervision as a case worker, two employed on the workshop program, and two office staff. Some policies stem from Toronto, other policies come from the different branches.
- Q. Do you have a concern about what the population thinks about the JHS?
- A. Yes, we are very concerned about it, one concern is that we are not able to meet many expectations due to limitations imposed on us, shortage of staff, etc. We are essentially people of the community with no real power, other than persuasion. We come here because of interest rather than as a government agency. We are interested in a fair, just, and effective system, rather than just advocating blindly for Cons. Elimination of the crime rate in a healthy manner to all concerned is one of our ideals.
- Q. What can be done to create a better working relationship between the JHS and the Con?
- A. Joint projects, greater dialogue on a group format, more of an exchange of general information, a reaching out from both parties.

The JHS has the right to refuse a parolee but seldom exercises this right, however, at times the National Parole Service turns down a parole and the JHS or whatever agency that has agreed to supervise the parole applied for comes out the scapegoat. The feeling being that they were the cause of the parole being denied.

In writing a conclusion to this article I must say that we went into it very negative towards J.H.S., this has not changed, but it has been altered somewhat.

I didn't expect most of the answers that we received from Graham Stewart, he made it seem that the J.H.S. is actually interested in some type of worthwhile endeavour that will familiarize both the Con's & the J.H.S. with each other. This should benefit all in that the con will not be just a number or a name to the J.H.S., and that the J.H.S. will not just be an alternative to the National Parole Board.

Familiarization does break down many barriers and it serves to show that when it's time to get down to basics, cons are human and are reaching out for ways to be treated in a human manner.

Our greatest problem, other than the lack of freedom, is our lack of communication with services available to the con. Graham Stewart says he intends to see that at least as far as the J.H.S. is concerned, these will be an effort to rectify this.

Hopefully there is, but from those who do hail from Missouri will still be waiting to be shown!!!

-TRANSPORTATION

- FAMILY SUPPORT
- COMMUNITY
CONTACTS

P.O. BOX 7167, POSTAL STATION "A"
TORONTO M5W 1X8
416-863-6198

To Kingston
on bus

OPERATION

SPRINGBOARD





"He likes you!"

This daythis date.

To the person that this letter is addressed to:

Dear Sirs:

Please arrange to process my request for the matter now at hand. Your help in dealing with this problem is needed. I now formally request and let it be known that you allow me to do those things that are required and needed. I also seek the help of those in your department willing to inquire into the matter. The person in charge should also be told of our desire to resolve the near-problem. The help of everyone should be sought.

Please let me know if this matter should be looked into, whither it be, in the direction and goal of giving resolution and clarity, without any misgivings or other negative feelings, to all those problems, real or not, defined or not defined, so that there may be no doubt or lack of finality in the mobilization of all needed avenues or alternatives in the quest of a solution.

In these days of turmoil, uncertainty, disorder, confusion, and muddle-
some times it behooves us all to give consideration to a request that is
so simple in nature but on the other hand so needed in this circumstance
I am sure that your path is very clear in the matter before you and that
your decision will reflect the thinking of all those of you department.

This request though quite humble in substance will allow you and all the staff the possible opportunity to see the outcome of all your labours. Please give those the chance to do all that is required of them and know that everything will be done as well as possible.

We shall await your decision and will respect whatever you may decide. If at any time we may be of help to clarify this request please advise and it shall be our pleasure to assist.

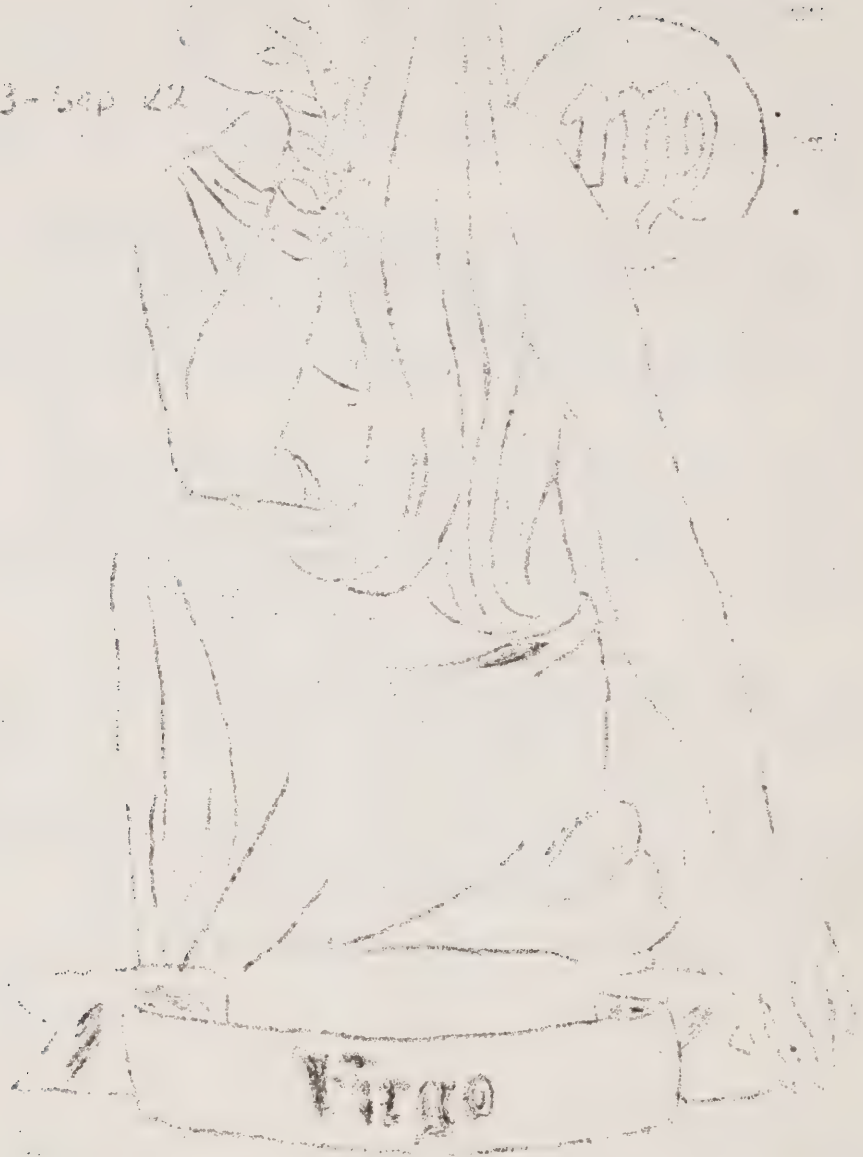
Thanking you in advance for your favourable reply.

Sincerely,

Your Petitioner

" § 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042

AUG 23-SEP 22



VIRGO'S ARE VERY SURE OF THEM SELVES, WELL MOST OF THE TIME. AND THEY NEVER GET UP*SET AT ANY THING. AND IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME THEN EAT SHIT....ALL YOU VIRGO'S ON THE OUT SIDE WILL HAVE MORE SEX THEN YOU CAN TAKE. IT WILL NOT BE LONG TILL ALL VIRGO'S WILL BE FREE.....THAT'S RIGHT YOU MOTHER I'M A VIRGO.....SO THATS ALL FOR THIS MONTH.

M.F.

ARE YOU AWARE

Recently while reading the December issue of Penthouse magazine, I came across a very profound and mind-blowing article. It had to do with an organization called the L.E.I.U. (Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit).

This is a very private organization made up of police officers in every major city in the U.S. and Canada. This organization has the total resources of its' respective members police forces at its disposal, but as a private organization is not subject to the laws regarding conduct and freedom of information which regulate the police forces. Therefore its members are not answerable to superiors on the force regarding anything the organization deems to be organizational business.

Using police resources these members compile dossiers on any person they so choose. This covers politicians, lawyers, judges, you name it. Anyone considered in the organization's mind to be out of line, with status-quo. These dossiers include everything from the person's business life to his sex habits. What is the purpose of this? If a disenter of the status-quo cannot because of social position be labled criminal or radical, then blackmail becomes the name of the game. This practice in fact places each and every person in North America on parole for life. To step out of line; the line that this organization has drawn, means that the ax falls. Careers that men have spent a lifetime building can be swept away in an instant, because a man at some time spent a night with a hooker.

(continued on following page)

Now you or I may say: what's this have to do with me? I'm only a convict. Well think of this: the member organizations within the L.E.I.U. in Canada include: Niagara Regional Police, Provincial Police, Toronto Metro Police, Windsor City Police, Montreal Police, and Canada Dept of Manpower and Immigration.

For those of us who are naive enough to believe that when our time is up, we're off parole, stop and think. Where will we ever work where Canada Manpower won't be keeping a file on us. They will always know our whereabouts through our contributions to unemployment insurance.

More immediately and probably more important, how many of our lawyers and how many judges that we stand in front of are being coerced by this secret police organization, when they strongly desire a conviction? Is it any wonder that we can seldom find lawyers who will defend our civil liberties and rights.

How about you John Q. Public, is there at this minute a file being compiled on you? Remember a dissident is merely one who vocalizes his disagreement. A radical is one who supports his dissident voice with fact and a militant is one who is prepared to fight for his beliefs.

THOUGHTS FROM MO.

Below is some thing I picked up the other day and started to read. It is from a book by Moses David. As far as I can tell he is some kind of religion leader. I must say this is the first time I have picked up a book about religion that brought a smile to my face. The text that I have picked out for you to read is on "SEX" and the old boy has a lot to say about it. So read on and I hope you all learn from Mo.

HONEST TOLL.

REJOICE THY MARY MAM:

Fornication, Adultery Incest and Sodomy..are really the only four forms of sex which God prohibits or limits or frowns upon.

Sodomy is male Homosexuality, or men with men doing that which is unseemly and which God strictly forbids and severely judged as the most evil and abominable sexual sin of all, and which as far as we can see he never made any exceptions, although there were many exceptions, allowances and tolerations regarding the other three!

Even Lesbianism, or homosexual activity between women, does not seem to be prohibited specifically in god's word...Personally I don't see that Lesbianism is any different from any other form of masturbation or sexual massage, which the Bible also seems to ignore. Contrary to popular belief, "Onanism" was not and is not masturbation, but the selfish refusal of Onan to marry his brother's wife and to give her children to share in the family inheritance. So, although he had intercourse with her, he indulged in the selfish practice of sudden withdrawal at the time of his orgasm...So God slew him.

God is obviously diametrically opposed to any form of birth control whatsoever...it's almost as bad as abortion, which is just plain infanticide, or child murder, no matter how legalized!

DON'T OVERDO IT AND DON'T LET IT BECOME OFFENSIVE to others. After all, masturbation is a rather private affair.

Otherwise, have fun and enjoy the pleasures that god has created and the senses and feeling he has made for you to enjoy, where, when and with whom possible and expedient.

On the other hand, don't underdo it either, by denying yourself the joys and necessities of life that god has created for you to enjoy...It is just as wrong for you to starve your body of its normal sexual needs and satisfaction as it is for you to starve your self to death by not eating.

MASTURBATION IN MODERATION. Once or twice a week, as in married sex, depending on your strength has absolutely no harmful effects whatsoever upon the human body.

Nearly all genuine lovemaking is masturbation pure and simple, or a massaging of the sexual parts to orgasmic satisfaction by either the hands, fingers, mouth, tongue or penis, and in some cultures even by the feet. Oral sex can be a very helpful alternative during menstruation, late pregnancy and difficulty in attaining an erection. Be sure the parts are clean and rinse your mouth with wine or liquor afterward.- Some women like it too! The woman should by all means be satisfied...any reasonable method is worth a try to help you experience your orgasm. Pride is the arch-enemy of sex! Sex was not the Devil's idea. It was god's. And the Devil is its arch-enemy. Enjoy yourself and sex and what god has given you to enjoy, without fear or condemnation, BE A SEX REVOLUTIONIST FOR JESUS.....

A CLIP JOINT.

The word is out the local Barbershop is back in action, and after being as much of a sore spot as our fictional library it has been far too long since anyone had the benefit of the services that everyone enjoys.

Where else can you sit back and relax and let someone else do all the work, and at the same time pick up on all the local gossip.

I attempted an interview with the new instructor last week, and soons as he has been fairly busy learning all the local procedures I haven't had a chance to finish it but soons as I also have sixteen years in that particular business I'll attempt to finish it on my own, should I be in error I'm sure I'll hear of it.

The new instructors name is Claude Leclair, of Claudes Unisex in Tweed, he brings with him twenty years experience of which ten has been invested into Hairstyling, via competitions, attending showings, and he has expressed the desire to keep up on the latest styles, and to impart his knowledge to anyone that is employed there.

Naturally the shop will be short staffed till all the applications can be processed but hopefully by November all will be in order, and that is if Claude is not required to leave right away to attend the induction courses at the staff college, lots hope not.

For the beginner in this trade he must first obtain his Barbers license before he can venture forth into that vast area known as Hairstyling, and that should be his first priority, this takes three years, one approximately on theory, and two of practical work. This doesn't mean you do nothing for a year, entirely the opposite, but to be accomplished it usually requires this amount of time.

For the licensed barber seeking to obtain Hairstyling experience, basic short-courses leading to more advanced modes of styling will be the type of schedule he can expect.

Anyon needing more hours on a license previously applied for will now be able to acquire more, and be able to pass the testing required by Dept. of Labour.

Criteria of Teaching.

- Basic Barbering.
- Basic Hairstyling.
- Advanced Hairstyling.
- Hair Straightening.
- Hair Colouring.
- Hair Replacement.
- Perms.

Emphasis will be placed on the teaching of the foundation of any exceptional Hairstyle, "The layer cut".

One thing Claude Leclair would like to see initiated as soon as possible is the name Barber Shop, changed to Styling Shop. The theme being that a barber who does a haircut and a shave does not really have the qualifications necessary to be a Stylist. yet he still puts a sign in the window saying he does and consequently hurts the business.

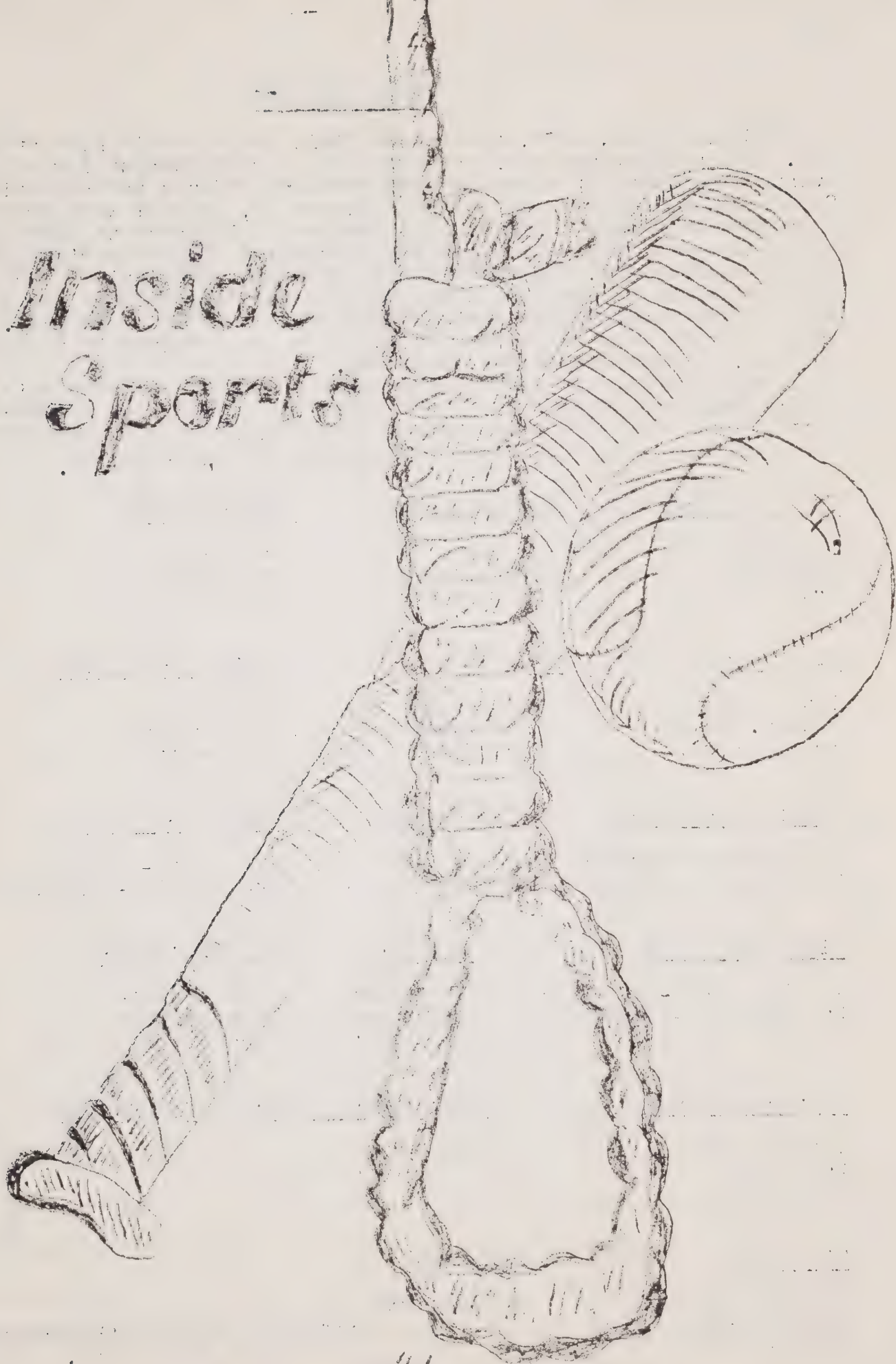
Eventually anyone who has completed his course will definitely not fall into this category of Stylist.

The staff of OUR paper, and the population wish you well, you have been needed for far too long.

At present appointments are required!

"THE SAILOR"

Inside Sports



FIELD DAY 1978

On September 4, 1978, the annual Field Day was held here at Collins Bay. The weather was good and there was a good turnout for all the events and plenty of spectators cheered and enjoyed the competition. Some outstanding performances were turned in, and all were greatly impressed with some of them. I think every will have to admit that this field day went very well, from the programing of events right on down to the meal served. The booths were open and very active, and all cons had the chance to win any number of prizes. A lot of work was done by some of the cons so that their fellow cons could enjoy the day. I think a great deal of thanks are due to those involved in the planning, running, and working on the field day.

I hope I speak for the whole population when I say that this was one of the better days in here. We had the day to give all a chance to participate and watch many different events, as well as the game booths.

Listed below you will find the results of our field day.

100 Yard Dash

1st Ferguson
2nd Burns
3rd Colbeck

220 Yard Dash

1st Burns
2nd Ferguson
3rd Holland

440 Yard Dash

1st Burns
2nd Doucette
3rd Holland

High Jump

1st Lanzalone
2nd St. Amour
3rd Doucette

Shot Put

1st Luxford
2nd Ferguson
3rd LeBlanc

Running Broad Jump

1st Burns
2nd Lanzalone
3rd Doucette

Wheel Barrow Race

1st Burns - Ferguson
2nd Major - Colbeck

Sack Race

1st Burns
2nd Major

Piggy Back Fight

1st Scott - Major
2nd Goodwin - Armour

Piggy Back Race

1st Doucette - Marchand
2nd Madison - Hughes

Egg Race

1st Weiss
2nd Kozak
3rd Cote

Old Man's Race

1st Goodwin
2nd Watson
3rd Kozak

Obstacle Course

1st Donaghy
2nd Sider
3rd Barton

Pie Eating Contest

1st West

Greasy Pole

1st Holland

Mile Race

1st Murphy
2nd Donaghy
3rd Prince

Tug-A-War

3 Block ***

*** Even with all the cheating, there never was a doubt.

LEO WHO'S REPORT ON SPORTS

As far as the Collins Bay Saints ball team, I as a player feel we did very well in the league and being inside where we couldn't get to play beyond these walls. Under the circumstances our team did have problems with the league head shed on whether we could get to play in the play-offs inside, where we felt that our team as a whole would be better competition then some of the teams in the league. Don't get me wrong, every team that came into the institution on given days did give a good showing and made really good games for our fans to see and appreciate while doing their thing. As I feel myself that this team of ours was used by the league for their own betterment and that we were duly wronged by the head people concerning the play-offs and all. But, as it turned out, we didn't get into the play-offs because of one good team laying down and letting the other team beat them near the end of the season. I do believe that it was a game that wasn't meant for us to win at all given times. But, I'm glad that one team got beat out of the play-offs in three straight games and I'm happy to hear that it happened to them because this team was against us from the beginning. As everyone on our team feels that our team was good enough to beat anyone in the league, although we lost a few games there was only one team that we didn't beat all year, and that was the Canadian Forces team here in Kingston. But they were our jinx all season long, but I'm sure that the team in here feels that we were better than any team in the City Fastball League. We finished in fifth place and only missed by a few pointseven giving the other teams four more games than us because of another institutional team in the league that we couldn't play and we lost eight points right from the start which I feel isn't fair but that's the way the league had the constitution written up and that was how the league got it against us.

But, I don't want anyone to feel that we are complaining, it's just that we are humans with some of our privlidges taken away not to be down graded for crimes that were against us and to put us into these places. As I'm sure our team had a good season and we all thank every one for making this season a success and so enjoyable. Hopefully I'll not be here next year as I know a few players on the team feel and hope the same, so as one player to everyone else, it was good playing for and against you all and hopefully everyone had fun doing their best at all times.

Leo Who

WHO IS HIDING WHO?

As this edition goes to press we learn of a very important matter concerning our Social Development contact in the front section.

Not even the all-seeing metal detector has noticed the increase in iron in our good friend. The secret is out! - Helen O'Neil has been hiding a certain small infant during working hours. This little one carried about by Ms. O'Neil does not even possess the proper prison photo I.D. card.

Never in the history of this prison has two persons posing as one left and entered this institution so easily.

The convicts wish Helen O'Neil much happiness in the birth of either a boy or girl or combination of both.

We sincerely hope she will return very soon as we all really need and appreciate her help in the Socialization Dept.

If needed the members of Allied will be glad to baby-sit while mother works (diapers by S.I.S.)

Once again best wishes, Helen, and please return soon.

By George Daniel Golde

HELLO SPORTS FANS

by Stormin' Norm

On Sunday the 10th. of September the joint viewed a congress. There were four teams involved. The Saints started in the morning playing Centry Drugs. The game started at a slow pace, for it was raining. On this morning, John (Bandit) McArnan pitched. John pitched a good game and there was only one hit throughout the whole game. It was cold and raining and the teams had to stop playing for about half an hour.

I had a good view of John's pitching cause I was catching. Ha-ha! There wasn't any scoring done until the eighth inning. I (Storming Norm) got a base hit and then on a fast run I stole second. At bat was (Punchy) Dave Donahay. He got a hit and ran around to home.

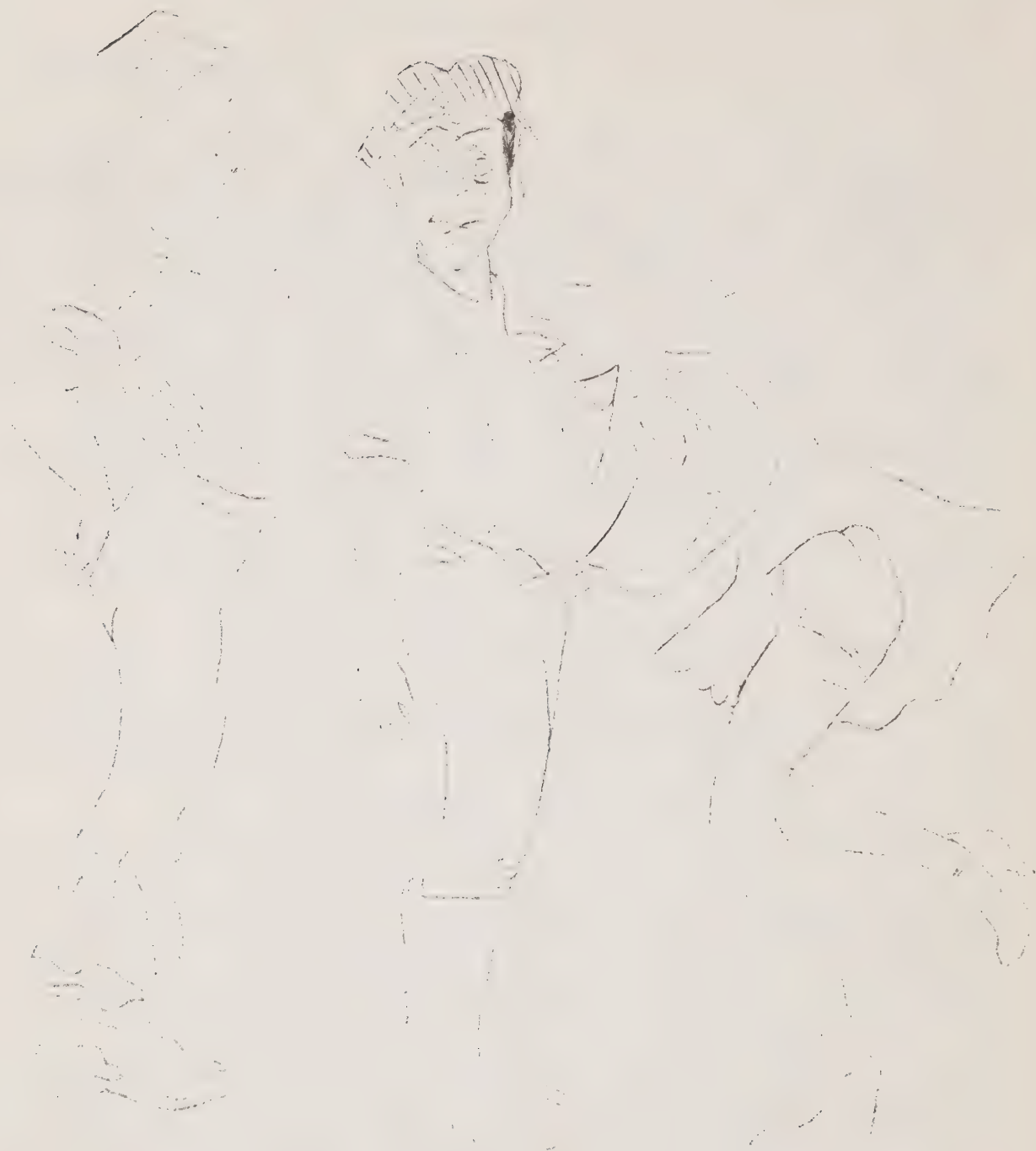
During the game everyone seemed to be hitting fairly well, but we always left one or two on base. It seemed both teams were playing very cautiously. At first base we had Jerry Goodwin. On second base we had (Fergy) Ferguson. On third we had Steve Boisvenue and on short we had (Wiener) Hurlburt, who always seems to be the vacuum cleaner. Out in fields we had :left field (Punchy) Dave Donahay :Centre Field Dan Patterson: and in right field WHO! else but Leo (WHO!).

The other game was scheduled to be played inside the wall. However, because of the shape our diamond was in, because of the rain, the game had to be played outside the institution. The teams playing were Malton Brewers (from T.O.) and the coppers team. The name of their team is Disco Kijgs (kinda suits their intelligence eh?). Anyways! Malton Breweries won. Score was 6 to 2. That scoring came late in the game. They were tied till the bottom of the 7th.

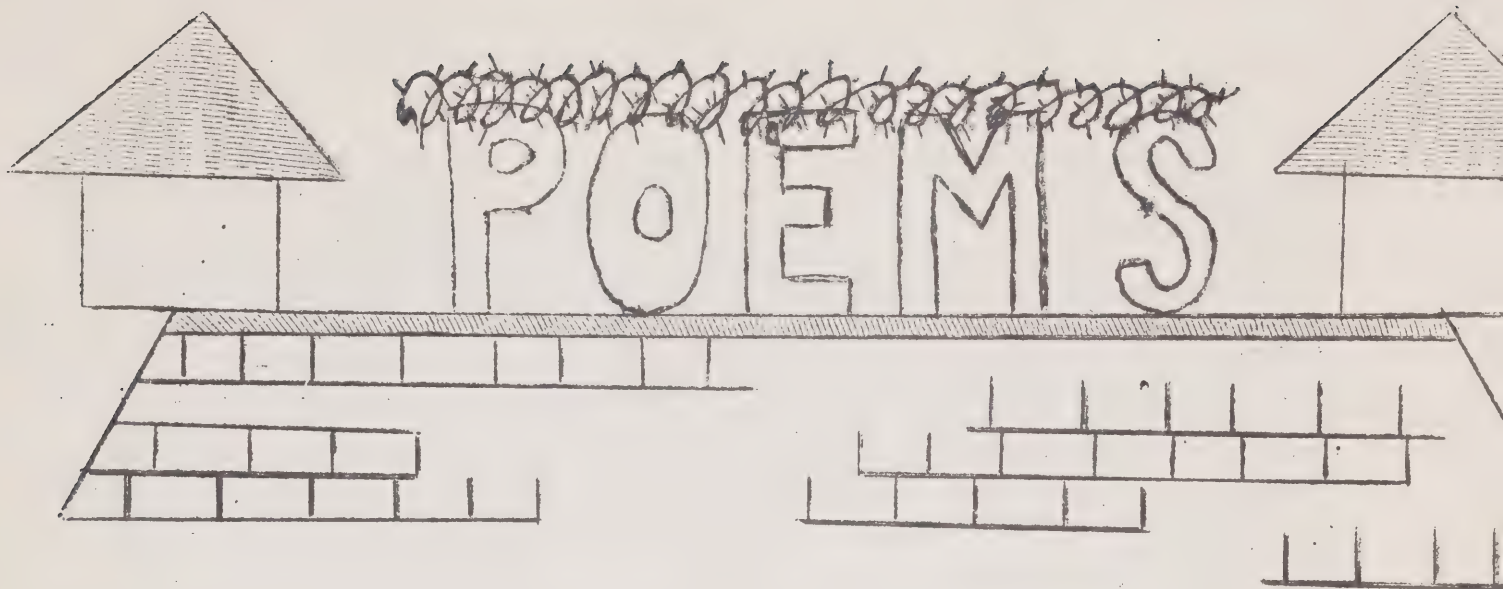
The final game was between the Saints and Malton's Brewers. These teams have met once before, I think, last June. Both teams played to a standstill, for about four innings, then the Saints opened up for a run. (Fergy) Ferguson smashed a home-run to right centre. Fergy seems to do this fairly often when were in trouble. We (The Saints) seemed to be playing a lot tighter than we did all summer. Naw! The other team came up and they snapped off three hits. One man on second and one on third. They scored one run and we stopped the second at home (Lucky me!). Now the teams stayed in a dead-lock till the top of the 6th. Again I got lucky; got a hit, stole second and was hit to third. At this point there were two outs. The catcher missed the ball and I stole home (on a close call). The umpire called me safe and that was the last scoring of the game. Naw! Whats so amazing is that John (Bandit) McKernan pitched again. This time it was a two hitter. In two games he only gave up three hits. Fergy came up with a douvle. (Weiner) Wayne Hurlburt also came up with a double play and so did Steve Boisvenue. Leo WHO! threw a possible go-ahead point out at home. All in all I think we deserved to win the Congress. We played superbly.

Now, I must say this will be my last sports write up for I am leaving all this glory behind to join my people on the street. It was fun working with the Avatar staff and I couldn't work with any better classed people. I thank-you, Honest Tom and Jimmy Hertrich for letting me do this column. Well! I'll say bye-bye to you all. Thank-you.

STORMIN NORM



Did I know what she meant?
She meant speak a word of English.



THE YARD

Yesterday's newspapers are suspended like kites
Empty styrofoam cups are dancing and hopping in the wind
A broken winged mother cries to protect her nest
A prisoner walks in circles.
Dark heavy pregnant clouds lazily crawl by
Monarch wings flutter above messed hair
Silver gum wrappers are pressed in the shade of
the freshly green painted baseball bleachers
Parched earth and scorched grass langish
Steel padlocks and wire messed gates are unlocked
Spying binoculars
Beer breath belches into the echoing megaphone:
"96432, report to the cellblock!"

By J.D. Prince

POETRY IN PRISON

Not too many years ago, when prisons were even grimmer establishments than they are today- when life inside was eighteen hours a day lock-up in a five-by-ten cell with no plumbing; and 'recreation' consisted of a 20 minute walk in a single-file circle; and 'conversation' was talking real low without moving your lips; and visiting privileges won you fifteen minutes once a month with a guard at your elbow; and the routine was shaved heads and lock-step and the silent system and the bitter black tea and do-your-own-time; and 'Rule 32' made laughing a crime; and the 'cat' and the paddle were regular reminders that punishment, silence and solitude were the basic ingredients of repentance and reform- in those days, a secret literary art form was already well established and flourishing in our prisons.

Surreptitious in its conception and furtive in its lifetime, this bit of underground culture functioned quietly for decades behind the grey walls, spreading from cell to cell, from block to block and from memory to memory by whispered word of mouth. It was a smidgeon of free expression, a part of man that can not be contained by shackles and bars and concrete; it was a bit of feeling, a scrap of humour, a little release that could not be stifled by the rules and regulations and punishments and deprivations of a caged world.

It was ragged; it was rough; it was cynical; it was ironic. It was funny and it was tragic. It was love and it was hate. It was the 'jailhouse ballad'- the poetry of men in prison.

In every sense a truly 'inside' culture medium, convict poetry was often bitter and mean, because it was written by men who were often bitter and mean; but surprisingly enough, it was just as often sensitive and trechant and beautiful.

It was written only for other convicts. Seldom did the 'square John' the outsider, encounter a real jailhouse poem; and if he did, he could rarely feel, or fully comprehend its impact, because the experience of the poem could not possibly relate to anything within his frame of reference. Convict irony and convict humour would go over his head; and convict sensitivity would fail to penetrate his heart. The joke, the tragedy, the understanding, was our's alone, written between the lines; unspoken, sub-surfaced-much in the style we lived our lives; much like the expressionless faces we showed to our keepers.

What outsider could fully understand!!!

Don't get down hearted, young fellow,
Because you don't get any mail;
The girls soon forget you are living,
They can't use a daddy in jail.
Oh! they'll cry
And they'll say that they love you,
And swear they'll be true to the end.
But the girl that don't bolt
When you're doing a jolt,
Is one-in-a-million, my friend.

Sure, the surface message expressed in those under-stated anonymous lines is obvious- especially to anyone who has been a loser in the love game- but only another prisoner could fully appreciate the gut-wrenching agony and despair alluded to by the unknown writer.

To anyone who has 'done a jolt', that little stanza conjures the whole painful story - a story of hope and good intentions and resolutions and love and longing and broken promises; of clinging desperately to a bit of solidity on a sea of loneliness; of predicting your whole life on faith in another. It's a story of rose coloured glasses and starry eyes shining through mesh wire screen, eyes alight with the often mistaken optimism that love conquers all. And it's the grinding, frustrating, soul-killing story of the frailty of the human condition when the inexorable, debilitating crush of time tests it's slender underpinnings.

It's a story of bitterness and tears and insanity; of slashed wrists and hanging bodies; of broken dreams and broken men; of a shrunken world of helplessness and despair, three paces long and an arms-length wide.

It's an unwritten story directed to other prisoners in other five by tens in other endless nights.

That was the old prison poetry; for prisoners only.

How many square-Johns ever heard of 'The Ballad of Morphine Bill' or 'The Dope Fiend's Convention' or 'Three Way May' or the multitude of verses scratched on the walls of holding jails across the country?

These were the real jailhouse ballads, composed behind bars, committed to memory and repeated in the sweat-shops and on the work gangs for the appreciative ears of contemporaries; when 'the bull' wasn't looking.'

If the ballads were good, they endured, were passed on; and they eventually spread from coast to coast, handed down through generations of prisoners.

But the poems remained with-in the bounds of the prison subculture and the 'rounded' element.

Once in a while, an exceptional talent would attempt to 'bust out', to tell it the way it is, to try and communicate in the language of the real world; or, as in England the rare genius of Oscar Wilde would be thrust into the mysterious, distorted half-life of prison experience, taste of it's bitterness and then try to convey the stultifying horror of the caged and the damned to those who cannot know.

But, even then, given the genius of Wilde, I wonder how many people of his time could reach deep enough into the 'Ballad of Reading Goal' to smell the disinfectant and the fear, to hear the echo of clanking steel and the eerie moans of tortured sleep; to feel the real hunger-ache in a man looking up from the darkness of a concrete pit- for that little patch of blue that prisoners call the sky.'

We knew. Because that kind of prison was part of our lives. And-you can believe it- there are still 'Reading Goals' in this country.

Things are changing, of course, ever so slowly. Penitentiaries and jails are mostly old, unwieldy monsters that seldom lend themselves easily to enlightenment and new concepts; but the prison secret, the isolated, inviolate mystery of yesterday, has been breached and there are ever-widening leaks in the concrete curtain.

Prison poetry has changed with the times. In Canada, the 'new look' in jailhouse poems began back in the early 1950's when the penal press was born and penitentiary convicts were permitted a limited medium of expression and communication with the outside world.

Prisoners who cared about such things suddenly realized that the feelings and ideas they expressed on paper would now be read by the people unfamiliar with the prison ethic; and that communication to all levels had to be a prime consideration in any search for understanding and, one day, a hopefully, progress.

The penal press, such as the efforts of its originators, was at first a squawling, bawling, infant trailing away at everyone; but despite the inevitable growing pains, the pen papers eventually flourished and expanded, achieving in many instances, a remarkable measure of rapport and understanding. Unfortunately, the noisy infant may have got a little big, for in a few branches and after ten years of life, was abolished and forbidden in this country. Canadian Pems today have no penal press per se.

But the attitude of expression has stuck. Prisoners still write poetry; but it's a good deal more taken on a new tone. Prisons are not as mysterious as they were thirty years ago - or even ten years ago - and neither is prison poetry. And it may be that the outsiders understand more and listen a bit closer and care a little.

But the poetry of the present still retains a certain uniqueness, and is an art form in its own right. Other forms and styles are very similar. Like the standard ballads of Western Loggers; and the poetry of the folk singers and by Robert Service;

And hunger, not of the body, but
That's banished with a word and song;
But the gnawing hunger of lonely
For a home and a warm bed,
For a fire, for a friend, for a love,
Four walls and a door to go,
But oh, the hunger for a word,
And crowned with a crown of song.

Like Oscar, there was a time when it was at hand and prisoners knew what he meant, but in the world of the modern prison poetry.

Yesterday's jailhouse ballads are fast disappearing, no one memorizes them anymore. Somewhere, some place, someone has compiled a collection of them for posterity's sake; or perhaps some old lag or lifer has hoarded them in the dusty obsolescence of his memory; but for the most part they are probably lost forever, buried under layers of paper and of pick-ups, or laid to rest in unmarked graves in the shadow of the wall.

The collection here, of course, is mostly of a contemporary bent, with just a smattering attempt at the old anonymous, write-on-the-wall type -- but maybe, hopefully, some vestige of the old spirit survives.

And if the ghosts of yesterdays legions of unknown, unsung jailhouse poets are peering over my shoulder tonight, I can only ask their forgiveness for a woeful ineptness in trying to do what they would have done much differently.

I'm sure they'd understand; because there's something about a prison cell that awakens in almost everyone a craving for expression, a need to communicate (if only with one's self) an urge to spill out the pin-pointed, polarized emotion of the moment in one way or another.

Give any prisoner a stub of pencil, a scrap of paper and an empty swelling ache in his chest -- and something truly genuine and beautiful could someday emanate from that five-by-ten he lives in.

There's steel and concrete in there; and a toilet. There's some bloody history and multitude of sad memories; there's three walls that 'steal the light and give back nothing in return'; but there is also a very human being in there, with a heart, with a soul -- and with at least a few of the saving qualities of mankind.

Some of us still recall a piece of free spirit (no pun intended) its origin and its author are unknown but its message, certainly, will be forever contemporary.

Maybe that particular jailhouse poet summed up what we are all trying to say in one way or another:

SEE THAT GUY
OVER THERE?
THAT'S ME.
IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ME,
GO AND ASK HIM.
BUT DON'T BE
SURPRISED
IF HE SAYS
HE'S YOU.

The following poems were submitted by one of our sisters in Vanier

Cheryl Ellerbeck

...My Feelings...

I think you know my feelings
By the things you say and do.
I think you know that every day
I'm more in love with you.

But I just want to say again
That there will never be
Anyone who'll ever mean
Just what you mean to me.

P.S. The feeling is still there.

...This picture that I keep...

Now there's one thing in this place,
That they'll never take from me,
It's the picture on the table
The one you gave to me...

It's there when I wake,
And when I close my eyes to sleep.
And the one thing that I dream of,
Is the picture that I keep...

Darling, I'll always love you,
In every way I can,
So just keep on smiling,
Like this picture in my hand...

Cause you're there when I wake up,
And when I close my eyes to sleep,
And the one thing that I dream of,
Is this picture that I keep...

The days they make me older,
And the nights they make me blue,
And I look into your eyes dear,
Just like I used to do...

But you're there when I wake up,
And when I close my eyes to sleep,
And the one thing I dream of,
Is this picture that I keep.

...I Can Promise...

I can't give you the world, sweetheart,
But I promise you,
I'll always do my very best,
To make your dreams come true...

And I'll be there to listen,
When you need to talk it out,
Or want to share some special news,
You feel good about...

But most of all, sweetheart,
I promise you even here,
I won't be more than a reach away
From you who has been so dear.

Cheryl Ellerbeck.

"Trinka"

Let me tell you about a Trip I Took
And never left the City.
It happened in Dear Old Ham Town
I guess I was looking for Pity.

With a Devil may care kind of Attitude
Just wandering around Lost.
Paying no heed to the Warning Signs
Knowing what this can Cost.

When I called up an old friend of mine
We'll just call her Trink.
She had just got back from the West Coast
In love with some guy I think.

I was down to the lowest point in my Life
And feeling a Hundred years Older.
But Trink took time off from her own Grief
And let me cry on her shoulder.

I offered her some of my kind of dope
But she flatly refused It.
Saying that she was high enough on Love
And Bobby Dylans music.

I said alright I'll take two of each
Just in case I break one.
As things turned out we tried all three
But it wasn't any fun.

And all because of a song that
BOBBY DYLAN SANG.

SECOND THOUGHTS

Sittin here - a - thinkin
Of the years gone by,
My eyes are wet - a - blinkin
My breathe but a sigh.

Oh whatwasted years they've been
I've been in prison since my teens,
Most of my loved ones have passed away
Itseems as though Mr. Evil is here to stay.

Oh what heartaches I have caused
Becaused I wouldn't be bossed,
But when you're young, you do not cry
You want to be known as a tough guy.

But when one becomes old
He wishes he'd done as he was told,
Tho' one can't bring back the past,
Just try to make it up in the future,
However long that will last.

Midge Pallister

~~~~~

How can one sit and watch the youth go by,  
Without a sad sigh.  
When one thinks of the years gone by  
There at one time goes I.  
Can one explain to them the folly of it all,  
Without them thinkin that old guys,  
had his day and his ball.

Midge Pallister

~~~~~

NOTICE

The object of all dedicated employees should be:
To thoughtly analize all situations:
Anticipate any problems prior to their occurence:
Have answers to the problems:
And move swiftly to solve these problems when called on..


Midge Pallister

~~~~~

## HOWEVER

When you are up to you ass in alligators, Its difficult  
to remind yourself that you initial objective was to  
drain the swamp.

Authour Unknown Submitted by Midge Pallister



The time has come  
FOR WHAT?  
I must leave.  
I LOVE YOU.  
Love has no chains.  
YOU CAN'T LEAVE.  
I must.  
I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.  
Maybe not.

YOU'LL NOT FORGET US?  
Never.  
GOOD-BYE THEN.  
Have a good life.  
I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU SEARCH FOR.

UNTITLED

I wanted to write something brilliant to you,  
words that would bring a little light  
into a darkened situation-  
but the time for brilliance  
has come and gone.

There were many chances,  
once upon a time,  
when I could have said  
or done  
marvelous things  
and I let those chances slip  
through all too excited hands.

Regret  
is a heavy word  
that expresses much,  
means too little  
Shall I employ it now  
or wait for something incredible  
to happen first,  
( or is the time for incredible happenings  
long past also? )



COMMUNION ON THE CORNER OF DOMINION & SIXTH

To be perfectly honest, I can't stand here much longer  
WHY?

The world turns beneath my feet.

AND YOU WILL FALL?

No. I will merely move with it.

STAY HERE A WHILE LONGER.

I cannot.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WILL FIND?

The Secret.

IT CAN BE FOUND HERE.

The Secret is everywhere.

THEN WHY NOT STAY WITH US?

I will only stay long enough to understand you.

AND THE OTHERS?

They are a part of you.

WILL YOU COME BACK?

Maybe.

WE WILL MISS YOU.

I will not miss you because you are inside of me.

CAN I GO WITH YOU?

Only if you can climb without resting.

I CAN TRY.

WHO ARE YOU?

I do not know.

BUT YOU ARE SOMEONE.

... or something

A PERSON, WITH A MIND, A HEART.

Yes.

WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO THIS PLACE?

A storm.

WITH WIND & RAIN?

No. With hatred and heated words.

HAVE PEOPLE HATED YOU?

sometimes.

You ask as many questions as I do.

ISN'T THAT THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN?

You are wise.

ONLY HALF AS WISE AS YOU ARE.

You flatter me.

I SPEAK THE TRUTH.

3  
"WHEN I WAS A KID"

THERE WAS SUITCASE SIMPSON AND PETE THE CHEAT  
AND NO BETTER PEOPLE YOU COULD EVER MEET  
THEY WERE GOOD OLD BOYS WITH LOTS OF HEART  
THEY WENT ALL THE WAY OR THEY DIDN'T EVEN START

PAT MCKENZIE ROCKY AND THE MOOSE  
JUST TO DAMN WILD TO LET RUN LOOSE  
THEY WERE ALL MEN WITH GRIT TO THE CORE  
YOU DIDN'T FIGHT THEM AND GO LOOKING FOR MORE

THE BEAST TUFFY WOODS AND OF COURSE THE BRUISER  
DON'T LOOK AT THEM TO FIND A LOSER  
THOSE GUYS TOOK EVERYTHING TO THE LIMIT  
AND IT WAS A BETTER PLACE WHEN THEY WERE IN IT

OUR DOPE WE GOT FROM A GUY NAMED WILF  
IF GOD MADE ANY BETTER HE KEPT IT FOR HIMSELF  
THE MONEY WE GOT CAME MOSTLY FROM BOOSTING  
BUT WE ALWAYS CALLED IT HON AND ROOSTING

YOU COULD FIND US EASY BY THE WAY WE DRESSED  
OUR SHOES WERE SHINED AND OUR PANTS WERE PRESSED  
BUT SHOES WASN'T SHOES AND PANTS WASN'T PANTS  
THEY WERE ONES AND TWOS AND FLEAS AND ANTS

WE WOULDN'T WORK WE HAD FUN ALL DAY  
AND HAD NO ONE BUT THE DEVEL TO PAY  
IN GANGS WE USED TO WALK THE STREET,  
OR BALL AND CRACK THE CIRCLE AND MEET

IT'S LOTS OF FUN THIS LANGUAGE GAME  
IN A WAY ITS CHANGED BUT STILL THE SAME  
WHEN WE STEPPED OUT IN OUR SUIT AND HAT  
IT WAS OUR WHISTLE AND PUCKE AND LEAN AND FAT

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE NOW FROM OUR TIME  
WE JUST TRIED TO MAKE EVERYTHING RHYME  
IT WASN'T OUR FAIR AND OUR MUSTACHE  
IT WAS OUR BONNY FAIR AND WHIP AND LASH

WE HAD US A WHOLE NEW VOCABULARY  
AND EVEN HAD OUR OWN DICTIONARY  
LIKE WE COULDN'T SAY SHIRT OR SHORTS  
IT WAS DICKY DIRT AND REP AND SNORTS



"TERESA"

TERESA IS A NURSE AT THE KINGSTON PEN  
WHERE SHE GOES SO GOES THE EYES OF THE MEN  
BUT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL TO UNDERSTAND  
THAT SHE'S A WOMAN AND I'M ONLY A MAN

SHE KNOWS OF COURSE WHAT'S ON OUR MIND  
SHE'S GOT WHAT ALL OF US LEFT BEHIND  
TO SEE HER EACH MORNING WHEN I RISE  
TAKES THE HARDNESS FROM MY EYES

I ONLY HOPE IT DON'T MAKE HER BITTER  
THE HUNGRY EYES THAT'S STARING AT HER  
LET'S PRAY SHE'LL ALWAYS STAY THE SAME  
AND NOT LET US FOOLS CAUSE HER PAIN

HER SMILING FACE AND GENTLE WAY  
HELPS US ALL THROUGH ONE MORE DAY  
AND SHE'S WISE ENOUGH TO SEE  
THROUGH MY SHELL THE GOOD IN ME

CLUSTER GOODWIN



LISTEN

I feel that this is so  
to me this is the way  
You may not per ieve it  
the way that I do.

To come ahead and face  
my comments, from the others view  
to look at me from you  
and know the way you see

I cannot seem to do it  
I need a helping nudge  
to cross the fast flow  
of how I want things.

Once across I know  
that you see I see  
as I see you see  
it's beautiful to understand.

Gerard Diver





Writer please write a story of peace  
Eternal supreme happiness,  
that could kill all the disease  
write of love, serenity in nature, unless  
you're lost in words and rhymes-  
of brutality, violence and crime!  
Which we are paying for, with our lives!

The song is always sad, and I do agree  
it's hard to write a happy tune  
Blues is a way of life wearing green uniform  
in reform institute!

Love is blue and so are you  
nevertheless I am thinking of you often that's true  
and so I thought just for you I'll write  
but I can't write those  
heavy blues, which are here to stay  
until later, take care!  
Sad,  
Alone & Forgotten  
Your Friend!

'JENNY'

When I first met Jenny T'was in the fall of the Year.  
Jenny had nothing going for her She was leading from fear.  
The world had turned It's back and made her a Rotten Kid,  
Everything she touched turned to Failure Everything that she Did.  
She tried To do onto Others as she would have them do onto Her.  
But Men, The heartless Devils, How Mean, Deceiving, They Were.

I guess when we met she figured Just another fast talking Cur.  
That's when she started doing onto others before they done it to Her.  
So of course when I suggested That she come to Barton St. East.  
Jenny would have none of it None of it in the Least.  
However we got together And It's still talked about today.  
The first night we had us a Party and a Fantastic roll in the Hay.

Pat Mc Gowan, Jimmy Tucker, and some other friends of Mine.  
Were all at the Party with us and all of us into the Wine.  
Jenny found out how Chester lived and she found out rather Quick.  
When the Pigs came about Sixteen strong and tore off the door with a  
Click.

Anyway I decided to save Jenny and bring her back to the Fold.  
Though I knew it wouldnt be easy and I was Forty years Old.

She had killed in herself all Faith and Trust Even forgot what it means  
The only thing good I had on my side Jenny was still in her Teens.  
I knew if I was going to change her it would take me a Life time or  
More.

Because you see Jenny I'm afraid to tell you was Rotten to the Core.  
Three years or more have gone by now And my Jenny is Twenty One.  
What? OH' Sure We're still together and still having lots of Fun.

Chester Goodwin



## REHABILITATION

Walls of stone standing high  
Cold and grey against the sky  
Men in green walking slow  
Sad forlorn with no where to go  
Five hundred men all lost souls  
Vegetating in their holes  
This old prison sure isn't the same  
Violence stalking everyone  
Killing, stabbing all in vain  
It's just someone looking for a name  
I wish you could be exposed to this  
A concrete cage four by eight  
With steel bars upon the gate  
Years they come years to go  
A parole date which no one really knows  
And procedures in which they bend and bend  
So why ask all of this bitterness  
Guards walking around in shining boots  
Playing dead, waiting to shoot  
It makes no difference where they aim  
If you're in green, that's their game  
And when they set us free  
We seek revenge against the ones  
Who put us under their guns, for so many years  
Because of the Pont-Up-Hate  
How can we possibly REHABILITATE?

Mike Grant  
Collins Bay



K.P. FIELD DAY 78

EVERYONE HERE GOT A PIECE OF THE CAKE  
ON JULY THE FIRST NINETEEN SEVENTY EIGHT  
IT WAS OUR FIELD DAY HERE AT THE PEN  
THE TIME TO SEPARATE THE BOYS FROM THE MEN

THERE WAS NO REAL TENSION IN THE AIR  
AND IT MADE FOR A PLEASANT ATMOSPHERE  
I CAME SECOND IN THE OLD MANS RACE  
SOME ANCIENT RED HEAD SET A FEARFUL PACE

THE WALLS JUST SEEMED TO MELT AWAY  
AND EVERYONE JUST HAD FUN ALL DAY  
WE STUCK TOGETHER AND REALLY TRIED  
AND EVEN THE WEATHER WAS ON OUR SIDE

EVERYONE GOT INTO THE COMPETITIONS  
AND FOR ONE DAY SET ASIDE THEIR INHIBITIONS  
THOUGH WE WANTED TO WIN WINNING WASN'T ALL  
AND WE LAUGHED AT OURSELF IF WE TOOK A FALL

OUR MAN MIKE FULLMAN PLAYED A BIG PART  
GETTING ALL THE RUNNERS READY TO START  
WITHOUT MIKE A LOT OF THINGS COULDN'T GO ON  
AND HE PASSED UP EVENTS THAT HE COULD HAVE WON

JOE KEPT IT TOGETHER JOE BLAYLOCKE  
HE WAS OUR FOUNDATION OF SOLID ROCK  
AT TIMES HE FELT LIKE PACKING IT IN  
BUT JOE THOUGHT OF US NOT JUST HIM

AS THE DAY PROGRESSED EVERYONE KNEW  
ATHLETE OF THE DAY WOULD BE BIG STEW  
HE WANTED THE TROPHY AND REALLY TRIED HARD  
AND I JUST WANT TO SAY, HOW TO GO OLD PARD

CHESTER GOODWIN

## THE HELL BOUND TRAIN

by Sam the poet.

The kid lay on the dirty bathroom floor  
Had shot up so much until he could hold no more  
Fell asleep with a troubled brain  
And dreamt he rode the Hellbound train  
The train with murderous blood was damp  
Brilliantly lit with a sulphurous lamp  
The boiler was filled with lager beer  
And the Devil himself the engineer  
The passengers were a most motley crew  
Churchmembers, atheist, gentile and Jew  
Richmen in broadcloth, beggars in rags  
Handsome young ladies and withered old hags  
Yellow and black men, red, brown and white  
All chained together- Oh God! what a sight  
As the train rushed on at a awful pace  
The sulphurous fumes scorched their hands and face  
Faster and faster, the engine flew  
Louder and louder the thunder grew  
Then from out of the distance there arose a yell  
Ha Ha! shouted the Devil we are nearing hell  
Then how the passengers shrieked with pain  
Begged the Devil to stop the train  
He capered about and danced with glee  
Laughed and joked at their misery  
Why my faithful friends you've done your work  
The Devil can never payday shirk  
You layed up gold where the canker rust  
Given free vent to your beastly lust  
As the laborer always expects his hire  
I'll land you safe in the lake of fire  
Where your flesh will waste with the flames that roar  
And your body die, tormented forever more  
Then the kid jumped up with a anguished cry  
Clthes wet with sweat, hair standing high  
He prayed as never prayed before  
To be saved from his sins and the demons door  
His prayers were not said in vain  
As he never rode that Hellbound train

~~~~~

FIRST DAY

The ripening fields and sleeping valleys stretched away from the highway and disappeared over the rim of the distant hills. The cottages and homes that decorated the countryside made his heart beat just a little faster and he was suddenly filled with impatience to be home.

Home, the three kids, his mother and sisters and beyond that, a thousand jumbled pictures of everything half-remembered. Home. No longer a cell with its narrow cot, chair, table and running toilet water to keep you company, nor was it the intangible stuff of daydreaming; the three long years of fantasies that played out their endless act and in whose dimensions one could lose one's self so readily.

Home was no longer an imagined paradise, somewhere beyond a limbo wall that had been seen two centuries past and thousands of drifting souls like himself parading its strong, grim length. Home was just a few hours of humming tires and summer countryside away and already he could hear the wind whispering through the trees and feel the pine needles crisp and brown beneath his feet.

He leaned back into the cushioned seat and tried to relax. His suit, the traditional gift of farewell to federal prisoners, felt tight and stifling and cheap, felt that ineffectually covered a prison hair shirt like a band of hot steel, encasing his sweating brow. The bus came to a halt and three girls, each of whom were perhaps fifteen or so, made their way along the aisle toward him. As he looked at them he was filled with a tender, but confused emotion. Perhaps it was a sense of regret because his own youth lay so far behind him. He thought of those years as squandered and he knew that youth was a treasure that was only appreciated by people who no longer had it. As one of the girls squeezed into the seat beside him, he felt a tightening in his chest and panic flittered in his abdomen. He focused his eyes out of the window until the moment of uncertainty passed. When he had again taken control of his faculties, he turned and surveyed the first girl he had been close to in more than five years. He was surprised and a little relieved to see that she hardly noticed him. Instead she was chatting with her two girlfriends who sat directly across the aisle. He closed his eyes and wondered why he should feel as if he was wearing a sign or something which revealed the fact that he was just released. He visualized a tall glass, half filled with shaved ice and Canadian Club with a couple of dashes of Ginger Ale to take off the edge.

The wheels of the bus hummed against the stickiness of the asphalt pavement and ate up the miles of countryside. The motion eventually lulled him to sleep and he dreamed that he lay in a pleasant meadow and wild flowers waved whenever a soft breeze caressed their long, green stems. He lay on his back and gazed into the vast blue ocean of sky until the canopy was shadowed by the figure of a young woman, bending over him with a full red mouth waited expectantly. It was a dream he had experienced many times in prison and not infrequently, he had awakened from it with the fullest measure of loneliness.

He was not prepared and noticed that some of the passengers were looking at him. Some were smiling indulgently at the girl who sat beside him who was unusually enthusiastic for him. "I was dreaming" he apologized. He felt very foolish, she smiled and returned to the conversation with her two friends and he knew that it was all right.

He pulled from his coat pocket the magazine that he had purchased at the bus station and although he made what he hoped to be a successful pretence of reading it. He thought of Dave and Gary, two pals he had left in prison.

"I'll write," he said and Dave who was cynical had answered; "Like hell you will. Everybody says that."

"Okay, so I won't write," and they all laughed.

He looked at the unfamiliar weight of his wristwatch and saw that he had been free for exactly four hours and twenty-seven minutes.

The bus was now moving in heavier traffic and a sign at the side of the highway informed him that downtown Wildwood was only eight miles away. His pulse raced for a few minutes and again, he felt a tremor of forgetfulness to be home.

He didn't recognize the city anymore. It was incredible that such a change could occur in the space of five years. Where once there had been only the unbroken land, except for a few farm buildings, there were now shopping plazas and six and eight lane highways. And in every spare acre of once fallow land, housing developments lay in neat rows, not unlike the vegetable plots in the city.

The plazas were filled with cars and the huge parking lots were dotted with automobiles. Some of them had playgrounds for the children, complete with miniature rides, candy floss and all the other amusements that mark sweet success.

He thought of his childhood in the city and the smell of the streets with their shimmering asphalt pavements. The sounds of the children crying out in the parks on Sunday afternoon when the family picnicked. The school had gone to and his teachers. Smoking in the boys' basement, and the sting of the black, rubber strap, exploding against his

The bus pulled into the terminal and the girls proceeded him along the aisle of the bus and the driver gave them a hand as they stopped once again to sell their wares. He watched them until they disappeared into the crowded doorway.

There would be an hour and a half wait until the bus left for Wildwood, so he decided to have a few beers and relax until it was time to leave.

In a nearly deserted beverage room, he eased himself into a chair and ordered a pint. He dropped a dollar on the table and soon was enjoying a drink which was cold and delicious. He ordered a second pint and saw with disgust that he still had over an hour to wait, he walked out into the blinding sunlight. He went into a restaurant and ordered a sandwich. When the food was placed in front of him, feeling very self-conscious he had to force himself to eat. He realized that his solitary meals, eaten in a lonely cell had no doubt produced this effect, but it took a great deal of effort to finish it just the same.

He walked along the sidewalk looking into every store window he passed. A young woman passed him on the sidewalk and he didn't help but glance at her. The effect of the first drink was evident.

By George Daniel Golde

The Handbook of Cigar Rolling - Father Raynond Tardiff (R.C. Chaplian)
American Gun Culture - P. Duggan
How to Recycle Excrement - C.B.I. Plumbing Staff
Flowers that Speak Back - B. Zizzo
The Handbook of Chinese Banking - C.B.I. Finance Department
The Growing of Hair in the Canadian North - G.D. Golde
Slop, Slurp, and Away - Painters Mtee, Department
How to Smile - P. Lalaonde
Veterinary Medicine - C.B.I. Hospital First Aid Staff
How to Draw Flies - Ralston Bennet Avatar Staff Artist
Revised Zookeepers Handbook - Security Department
The Allied Invasion - Honest Tom French, Allied Co-Ordinator
Excessive Profits Through Hobbycraft - Prof. Kozak
The Pet Food Industry - The Complete Kitchen Staff
Yoga and the Parole Board - Matthew Math
How to Counsel the Silent Convict - Psychology Department
Waiting for the Messiah - Rabbi Horowitz
Prison Fashions - Shelly Holst
The Classification of Cucumbers and other Vegetables - Classification
I Eat Red Tape and Potato Chips - S. Weiss
Pornography Through the Prison Camera - Staff Photographer
About My Fathers Business - S. Szloboda
The Reluctant Supplier - S.I.S. (Secret Inst. Services)
Viva Criminal Lebré - J.P. Parent
Passport to Eternity - Admission & Discharge (Footprint Section)
How to Really Be Good When You Really Don't Want To - Rev. R. Solmes
Prison Live Wires - Mtee. Electricians

THE YARD

Yesterday's newspapers are suspended like kites
Empty styrefoam cups are dancing and hopping in the wind
A broken winged mother cries to protect her nest
A prisoner walks his circle.
Dark heavy pregnant clouds lazily crawl by
Monarch wings flutter above messed hair.
Silver gum wrappers are pressed in the shade of
the freshly green painted baseball bleachers.
Parched earth and scorched grass languish.
Steel padlocks and wire meshed gates are unlocked
Spying binoculars.
Beer breath belches into the echoing megaphone
" 96432, report to the cellblock! "

J.D. Prince, 6781

23 July 1978

TO

I. Sheppard,
130 St. George St.,
Room 8001,
Toronto, Ontario.
M5S-1A5.



Subscription Form

NAME _____

Address _____

Box 190
KINGSTON
ONT
K7L 4V4